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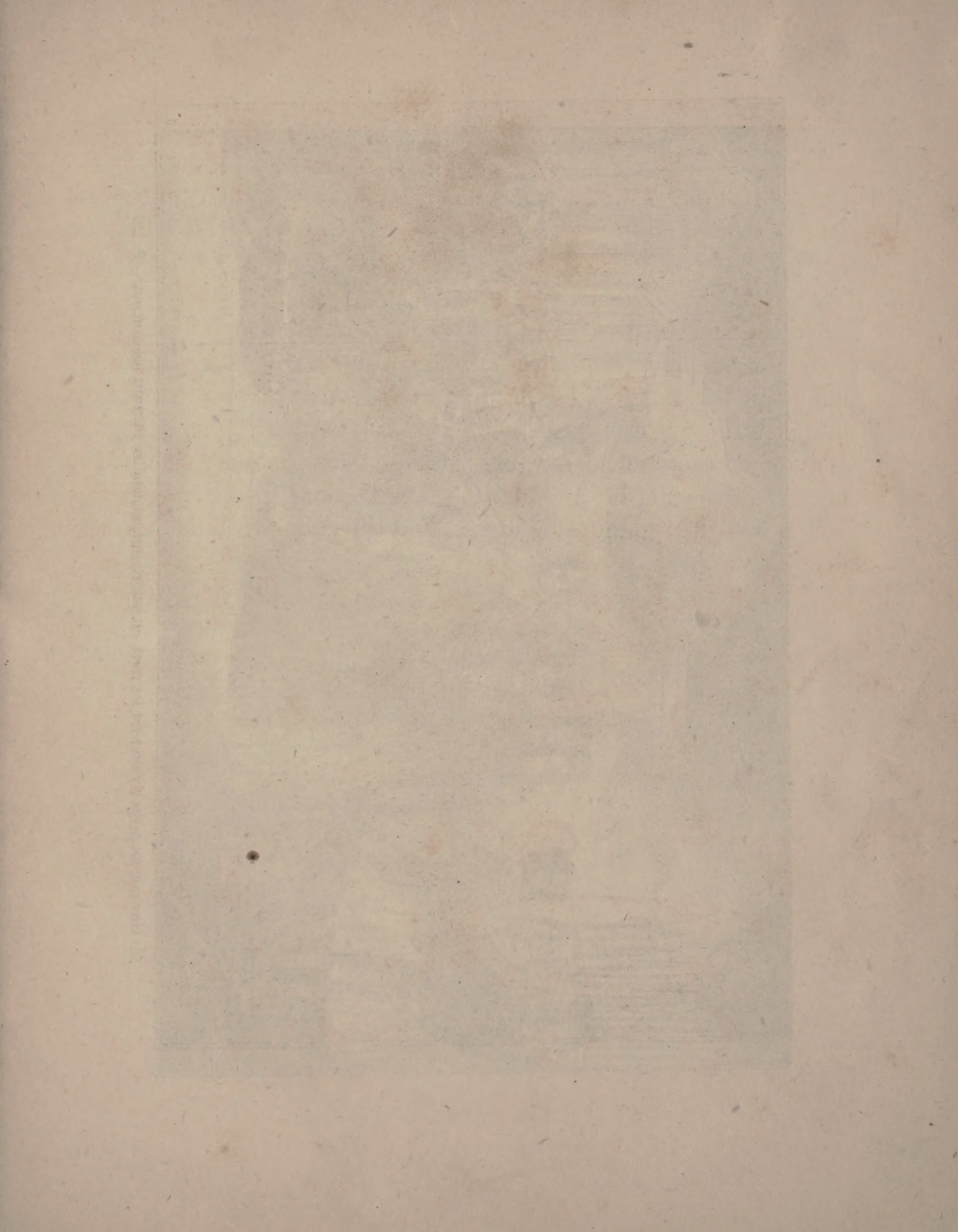
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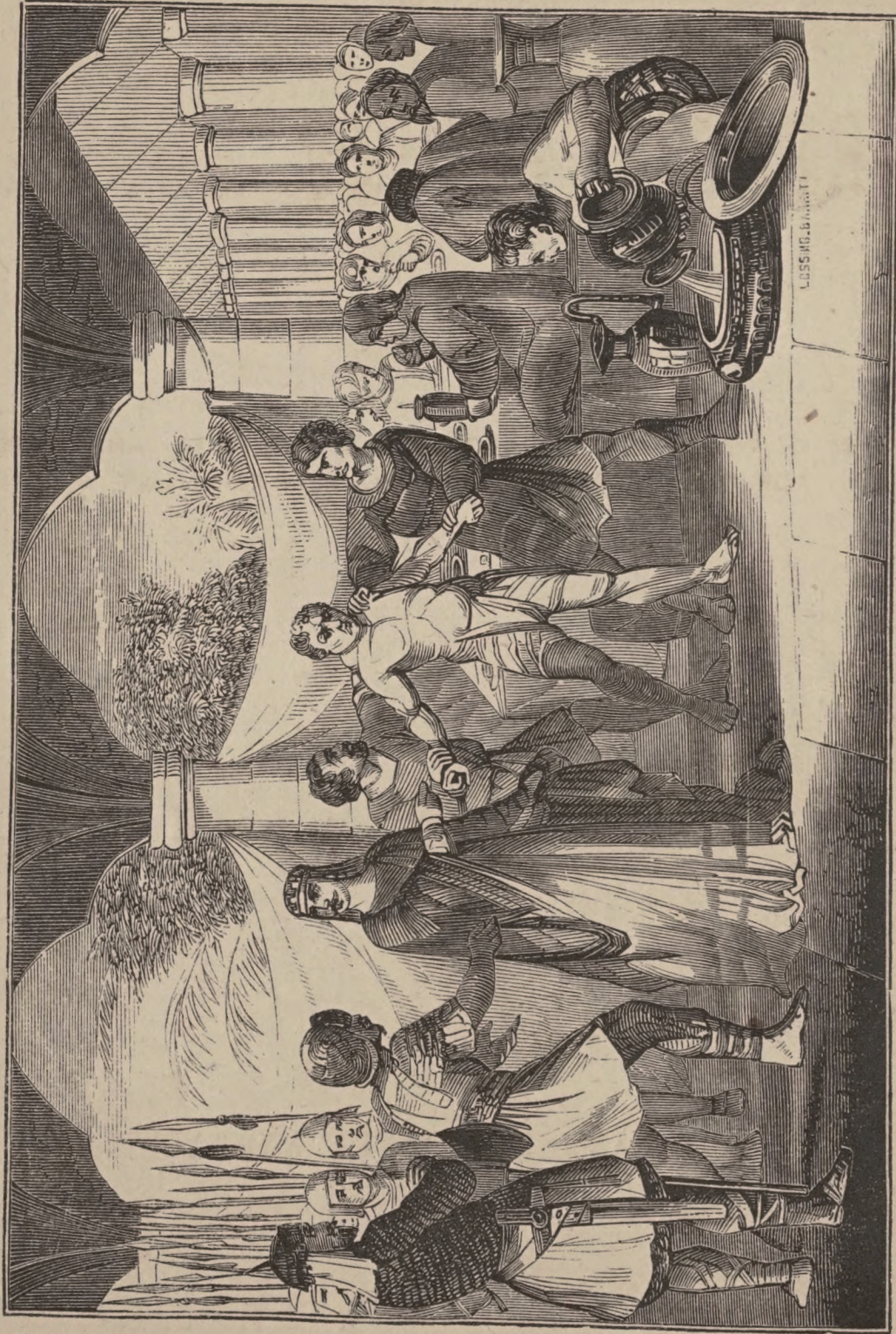
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He was not properly dressed for such an entertainment, and so they turned him out. — P. 13.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.

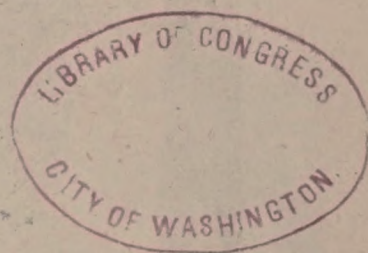
A SERIES OF NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, BIOGRAPHIES, AND TALES,
FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT
OF THE YOUNG.

BY

JACOB ABBOTT.

Embellished with

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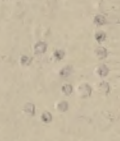


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THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

IN THE
SERIES OF HISTORICAL MONUMENTS, AND
THE BOSTONIAN MONUMENTS, AND
THE BOSTONIAN MONUMENTS, AND
THE BOSTONIAN MONUMENTS, AND

JACOB ABDOU



GRIMM'S

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

THE
STRAIT GATE;
OR,
THE RULE OF EXCLUSION FROM HEAVEN.



NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



*Jacob
abbott*

1855

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P R E F A C E.

THE present volume is one of a proposed monthly series of story books for the young.

The publishers of the series, in view of the great improvements which have been made within a few years past in the means and appliances of the typographical art, and of the accumulation of their own facilities and resources, not only for the manufacture of such books in an attractive form, and the embellishment of them with every variety of illustration, but also for the circulation of them in the widest manner throughout the land, find that they are in a condition to make a monthly communication of this kind to a very large number of families, and under auspices far more favorable than would have been possible at any former period. They have accordingly resolved on undertaking the work, and they have intrusted to the writer of this notice the charge of preparing the volumes.

The books, though called story books, are not intended to be works of amusement merely to those who may receive them, but of substantial instruction. The successive volumes will comprise

a great variety, both in respect to the subjects which they treat, and to the form and manner in which the subjects will be presented; but the end and aim of all will be to impart useful knowledge, to develop the thinking and reasoning powers, to teach a correct and discriminating use of language, to present models of good conduct for imitation, and bad examples to be shunned, to explain and enforce the highest principles of moral duty, and, above all, to awaken and cherish the spirit of humble and unobtrusive, but heartfelt piety. The writer is aware of the great responsibility which devolves upon him, in being thus admitted into many thousands of families with monthly messages of counsel and instruction to the children, which he has the opportunity, through the artistic and mechanical resources placed at his disposal, to clothe in a form that will be calculated to open to him a very easy access to their attention, their confidence, and their hearts. He can only say that he will make every exertion in his power faithfully to fulfill his trust.

JACOB ABBOTT.

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THE STRAIT GATE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN TURNED OUT.

A king makes a great feast.

The invitations.

A man turned out.

THERE was once a king who made a great entertainment for his people on the occasion of the marriage of his son. He did not ask merely the rich and the powerful people of the city to come to the feast, but gave an invitation to all. When the time arrived, the feast was prepared, the tables were spread, and the guests came in. They were all made welcome except one man. This man was not properly dressed for such an entertainment, and so they turned him out.*

This story is a parable related by our Savior Jesus Christ. "When the king came in to see the guests," said he, "he saw there a man who had not on a wedding garment. And he said unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless. Then said the king to the servants, Bind him, and take him away."

In the picture in the frontispiece, we see the king standing in the foreground, giving orders to take the man away. Two of the attendants have seized him, and are conducting him out. A third

* See Frontispiece.

Explanation of the frontispiece.

Meaning of the parable.

The wedding garment

is coming with a rope to bind him. They are going to send him to prison. He was very wrong to come to such a feast in such attire, and was guilty of great disrespect to the king and his son by the act. He did it on purpose as an act of disrespect, and to show what he dared to do.

In the background are the tables, with the guests seated at them, ready to commence the feast. On the left are soldiers armed with spears. They are the king's guards. One of them has a short sword by his side, and a battle-ax in his hand. The man himself, whom they are turning out, looks ill-humored and sullen, as if he were angry at being sent away.

And yet it was perfectly right that a man coming to such an entertainment in such attire should be immediately put out. His coming in that manner was in itself a great breach of propriety and decorum. The appearance of such a man at a wedding party could only result in disturbing and embarrassing all the other guests who should see him, and thus in marring their enjoyments. It was right to put him out.

Jesus Christ had a particular meaning in relating this parable. The wedding feast was intended to denote the kingdom of heaven. The guests are the people of this world, who are all invited to prepare themselves properly, and then go there and enjoy the pleasures provided for them in those happy mansions. The garments represent the temper and spirit of mind which they possess. A man or a child who should enter heaven, if such a thing were possible, with a bad temper, or with an insubmissive, unjust, or selfish spirit, would be unfit to stay there. He would be like a man not properly dressed at a wedding. He would not only be unhappy

A disconsolate lady.She makes a very sensible resolve.

himself, but his presence would tend to mar the pleasures of the rest. If it were possible, therefore, for him to enter, he could not be allowed to remain. It would be necessary to put him out. This is what Jesus Christ meant to teach by this parable.

The reader will perhaps understand this better by means of the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

MADAM MARION.

ONCE there was a lady, and her name was Madam Marion. She was very rich, but she was very unhappy. Her husband had died, and her children had died, and, though still quite young, she was left in the world alone. She dressed herself in mourning, shut herself up in her house, and spent her time in reading melancholy books, and in thinking of her sorrows. She was very unhappy indeed.

At last, one day, after about two years had passed, she arose from a sofa on which she had been reclining, wiped the tears away from her eyes, and said, "I have been unhappy long enough; I will not be so any longer. God has taken away, it is true, many of my enjoyments, but he has left me a great many others. He means that, while he keeps me upon the earth, I should make myself happy with those whom he has left me, and not spend my time in mourning uselessly for those that are gone. And I will."

"I will go," she added, in thinking farther upon the subject, "I will go into the country, and buy me a house, and some gar-

Madam Marion purchases a house in the country,View of it.

dens, and I will make the gardens as beautiful as I can, with walks, and parterres, and borders of flowers. I will invite the neighbors that live near, and the children, to come and walk in my gardens ; and I will send the sick people fruits and flowers. This will make them happy, and it will make me happy too."

So Madam Marion went into the country, and traveled about from place to place, until she found, at last, a house for sale, that stood in the midst of gardens and beautiful grounds, near a very pleasant village. The place was uninhabited when she found it,



MADAM MARION'S HOUSE.

and every thing was neglected. The garden was full of weeds, the walls were broken down, and the house itself was deserted and lonesome. She observed, however, that it could be made a very delightful place ; so she bought it, and immediately employed a

She puts her house and grounds in repair.Uncle Ben and his man Thomas.

great many masons and carpenters to put it in repair. These workmen rebuilt the walls of the gardens, they removed the whole interior of the house, and erected a porter's lodge at the commencement of the avenue. There were gardeners employed, too, who cleared away all the weeds from the gardens, and pruned and straightened the fruit-trees, and planted beds of strawberries and raspberries, and trimmed and smoothed the walks, and made, in fact, the whole place look charmingly. Behind the house was a park with walks and waterfalls, and herds of deer feeding on the grass. Here the friends whom Madam Marion invited to visit her would walk about, amusing themselves with the beauties of the scenery, or sitting under the rocks listening to the sound of the cascades. There were some places very retired and solitary among the rocks, where people could sit in the cool shade, and read or meditate at their pleasure.

At length, after some time, when the house had been completed, and the grounds were all put in perfect order, the workmen were dismissed, and all the gardeners went away, except one careful old man, whom they called Uncle Ben, and a younger man, named Thomas, who was employed to assist him. Uncle Ben remained to keep the gardens in order, and to take care of the fruit and flowers. One day Madam Marion came out to walk in her grounds, and seeing Uncle Ben at work, training up a grape-vine upon a trellis over a bower, she advanced toward him, and began to commend his work.

"You keep the gardens in very good order," said she.

"That is my duty," said Uncle Ben; "and, besides, it is my pleasure. I like to see them in nice order myself."

Conversation between Madam Marion and Uncle Ben.She forms a plan.

“I have been thinking,” said Madam Marion, “that the children of the town would like to come and walk in my gardens and grounds, and I believe I will invite them.”

“Oh no !” said the old gardener.

“Why not ?” asked Madam Marion.

“They will spoil them right away,” replied Uncle Ben. “They will trample on the beds and borders, and plunder the flowers, and clamber up on the trellises, and break down the branches of the trees in trying to get the fruit, and make themselves sick by eating too much of it ; and they will chase and frighten the deer in the park, and throw stones at the little birds that build their nests in the shrubbery ; and they will quarrel, and wrestle, and push each other about against the beds of flowers, and do a thousand other rude and mischievous things.”

“I will *try* them first, then,” said Madam Marion, “before I let them in. I will put them all to the test, and then will only admit such into the gardens as I find gentle, obedient, and submissive to law.”

Madam Marion had a pleasant little sitting-room in the south side of her house, with a piazza before it. In front of the piazza was a large yard, with green grass in the middle, and shrubbery and flowers in the corners. There was a peach-tree on one side, trained by a trellis against the wall ; and at this time of the year this peach-tree was covered with large, ripe, and rosy peaches. There was a high wall between this yard and the road, with an iron gate in it, by which persons might go out and in. This wall was so high that persons passing along the street could not look over it, nor could children playing in the yard see what was pass-

Description of Madam Marion's yard.

The swings.

The bower.

Children invited.

ing in the street ; but there was a terrace along the wall on the inside which was nearly as high as the wall itself. There were two flights of steps leading up to this terrace, one at each end. Persons in the yard could thus go up upon the terrace and walk along from end to end, and while they were there they could look over the wall.

There were two swings in the yard too. One was between two trees, and the other was suspended from a frame made on purpose for it. But this frame was covered with vines and creepers, so that both the swings were in cool and shady places.

One other thing must be mentioned. Near the house, and at one end of the piazza, was a bower, where there was a table with seats around it. The seats were made of the right size for children, and they had cushions upon them, so that they were very comfortable. The table, too, was just the right height for the children that should sit on the seats, and was very convenient for them to put their books on when they wished to read, or for plates of fruit and other refreshments. In fact, the bower was quite a pleasant place, though it was by no means so pleasant as the other bowers and arbors in the large gardens on the other side of the house.

Into this yard Madam Marion invited the children to come and play on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, to try them, in order to find out how many it would do to trust in her beautiful gardens.

While the children were at play in the yard, she used to sit upon the piazza watching them. There was a little sofa here in one corner, with a work-table before it. Madam Marion would

Dory.Madam Marion shows her a little glass bird.

sit at this table with her work, and there she was watching the children all the time, and observing what they said and did, without, however, appearing to take any notice of them at all.

There was one child that used to come to Madam Marion's in the afternoon who could not play much with the other children. The reason was, she was lame. She walked with a crutch. Her name was Dory. At least they called her Dory, though I believe her real name was Dorinda. Dory was of a very meek and gentle disposition, and she liked to talk with Madam Marion very much while she was sewing. She used to sit by her side upon a little footstool, talking, and watching the other children at their plays.

The first day that Dory came to Madam Marion's, after going about the yard a little while with her crutch to see what was there, she came upon the piazza, and advanced to the place where Madam Marion was sitting. Her attention was immediately attracted to a beautiful little glass bird that was standing upon the work-table.

"Why, Aunt Marion," said she, "what is this?"

The children always called Madam Marion their aunt.

"It is a little glass bird," replied the lady.

Dory stood looking at the bird very intently for a minute or two, holding her crutch in one hand, and having the other hand behind her.

"What a pretty little bird!" said she.

As she said this, she moved round a little to the other side of the table, in order to see the other wing of the bird more plainly.

"Would it do for me to take it in my hand?" said Dory.

Dory takes the bird.

She calls Benny to see it.

Grant.

"Yes," said Madam Marion, "you may take it in your hand."

"What a pretty little bird it is!" said Dory, when she had taken it in her hand. "I would like to show it to Benny."

"Very well; you may," said Madam Marion.

"Only I won't carry it out into the yard," said Dory, "for fear some one should run against me, and break it. I'll call Benny to come and see it here."

"Very well," replied Madam Marion.

So Dory went to call her little brother Benny. She stood on the steps of the piazza, and said,

"Benny!"

Benny was playing with a hoop. As soon as he heard Dory's voice calling him, he threw his hoop and stick down upon the grass near by, and came running to his sister. Dory showed him the little bird, sitting down with him on the steps of the piazza. He was extremely pleased to see it.

After he was satisfied with looking at it, Dory brought the bird back to the table, and put it down there, very carefully, in exactly the same place that she had taken it from.

Just then, Benny's cousin, a boy named Grant, who was playing in the corner of the yard near the terrace, called to Benny to come to him.

"Benny," said he, "come out here."

"No," said Benny, "I can't come."

"Ah yes," said Grant, speaking in a supplicating tone. "Come, do; I want to show you something."

"No," said Benny, "I can't come."

So Benny remained at his seat on the steps.

Dory gets an unexpected reward.Conversation with Dory.

"Do you like that little glass bird?" said Madam Marion to Dory.

"Yes," said Dory, "I like it very much indeed."

"I believe I will give it to you, then, for a reward," said Madam Marion.

"A reward—for what?" asked Dory.

"For Benny's coming to you so quickly," said Madam Marion.

"Why, aunt!" exclaimed Dory, "what do you mean by that? You should reward Benny, and not me, for that."

"No," said Madam Marion, "I should reward *you*; for the reason why he obeys you and will not obey Grant, is undoubtedly because you manage him right, and Grant, I presume, does not. Benny's coming to you so quick when you called him proves that you are just, and considerate, and kind to him. But when Grant tells him he has something to show him, he does not appear to believe it, and so does not come. This indicates that he has been deceived by Grant before, and so does not believe him now."

Dory listened to this in silence; she did not know what to say in reply. At length, after a pause, she said that she should like the little bird very much indeed, but that she did not think she deserved it as a reward.

This conversation between Madam Marion and Dory was carried on in an under tone, and the place where Benny was sitting was a little distance off too, so that he did not hear what was said. He was humming a tune, and amusing himself in building a wall with small pebble stones which he picked up from the walk. Grant, seeing him thus busily occupied, crept up to the

Benny's hoop and stick.

Grant's mischief.

Benny is greatly troubled.

place where the hoop and stick were lying on the grass, and, taking them up, he ran with them to the terrace, and dropped them over the wall down into the road. Benny did not see this, nor did Dory. Madam Marion saw it, but she did not appear to take any notice of it.

Grant, having thus thrown the hoop and the stick over the wall, came walking slowly along to where Benny was sitting, and said, "Benny, where is your hoop?"

Benny looked out to the place where he had left his hoop, and seeing that it was not there, he started up in great trouble, and went to look for it. He felt greatly distressed with the fear of losing his hoop, and began to search all about the yard, and to ask every body if they had seen it. Grant seemed to enjoy his distress and perplexity very much. He whispered to two or three of the boys to tell them that he had hid the hoop, and charged them not to reveal the secret. Dory, observing Benny's perplexity and grief, went to him, and tried to comfort him, and offered to help him find his hoop. So she took hold of his hand with one of her hands, and holding her crutch with the other, she walked with him all about the yard, looking for the hoop every where.

Madam Marion watched these proceedings very attentively, though she appeared to be thinking of nothing but her sewing. She knew very well where the hoop was all the time, but she said nothing.

By-and-by Dory gave up the search, and came back with Benny to the piazza, to amuse him, if possible, by showing him her bird. Madam Marion said that there was a little box to put the bird in, and that Dory would find it by opening a drawer in the work-

The blue ribbons.

Dory receives one for a pass.

The window in the wall.

table. Dory found the box, and put the bird into it. There was some cotton in the box to prevent the bird from getting broken.

As soon as Dory had packed the bird safely in the box, Madam Marion asked her to open a certain other drawer in the work-table.

"There are some blue ribbons in it," said Madam Marion.

"Yes," replied Dory, after she had opened the drawer, "I see them." Dory looked at the blue ribbons, but she did not touch them.

"Take up one of them and bring it to me," said Madam Marion.

Dory did so. Madam Marion, taking the ribbon, proceeded to put it round Dory's arm, about midway between the wrist and the elbow, and then tied the ends in a bow-knot.

"There!" said Madam Marion.

"It is very pretty," said Dory; "but what is it for?"

"It is your pass," said Madam Marion.

"My pass!" repeated Dory.

"Yes," said Madam Marion; "it is your pass, to admit you into my garden through the window in the wall.

"You must know," continued Madam Marion, "that I am going to let some of the children go into my gardens, and I am *trying* you all now, to find out how many there are that can be safely trusted there. There is a window in the wall between the park and the gardens. The window is closed by a shutter, and there are steps leading up to it. The shutter makes a sort of door. There is a knocker on it. When you wish to go in, you must go and knock at this knocker. Uncle Ben will then come and open the shutter, and if he finds you have a blue ribbon on your arm,

Madam Marion's explanations.

Ellen and Jane.

The picture-book.

he will let you go in. I have told him that he must not let any body in except those who have blue ribbons on their arms. That badge is the *pass*. I am trying all the children here, and as fast as I find they have the right characters to be safely trusted in my gardens, I shall put a badge upon them."

Dory, on hearing this, looked at the ribbon on her arm with an expression of great satisfaction and pleasure.

"But, aunt," said she, at length, "you have not tried *me* yet."

"Yes," said Madam Marion, "I have been trying you ever since you have been here. I see you obey all my directions implicitly. You do not touch any thing without leave. Then you are kind to Benny. You seem to take pleasure in making him happy, whereas some children seem to take pleasure in making others unhappy. I should not like to have such children as those go into my gardens, for they would mar the pleasure of all the rest."

Just at this time, two children, named Ellen and Jane, came toward the piazza. Ellen, seeing the ribbon on Dory's arm, asked what it was for.

"I can't tell you just now," replied Madam Marion; "I shall explain it by-and-by."

"Ah yes," said Jane; "tell us now, aunty—*do*."

Madam Marion did not answer.

"Have you got a picture-book, Aunt Marion," said Ellen, "that you will lend Jane and me?"

Madam Marion opened a drawer in the table, and took out a book. She turned over the leaves of this book till she found a picture.

"There," said she, "you may look at that picture, and when

Description of the picture.Various objects seen in it.

you have done looking at that one, shut the book and bring it back to me. You may ask me questions about it if you please, and you may ask any one of the children to come and see it with you or not, just as you choose."

"Yes," said Ellen, "let us ask one of them."

"No," rejoined Jane, "I would not. We can see it a great deal better by ourselves alone."

So the two girls sat down on the steps of the piazza, and began to look at the picture.

It represented, they found, the yard of a country inn. It was a very pleasant place. There was a large tree, with wide-spreading branches, under which was a seat, with people sitting upon it. The sign of the inn was suspended from a wooden bar which projected from the body of the tree, just below the branches. There was a figure of a lion rampant painted on the sign. A lion *rampant* is a lion standing up upon his hind legs, as if in the act of springing upon his prey. A lion lying down is called a lion *couchant*. It was a lion rampant that was painted on this sign.

There were five persons represented in the inn-yard. Two of them were sitting upon a bench that was placed at the foot of the tree. There was a traveler on horseback at the door. He had a mug in his hand, with something to drink in it. The landlord was standing near. He was apparently talking with the traveler. In the foreground, to the right, was a well, with a windlass and a bucket. The windlass was covered with a roof.

A representation of this picture may be seen on the opposite page.

"I think it is the picture of an inn," said Ellen, after looking at it a moment.

The picture of the country inn.

Sign hung from the tree.



THE COUNTRY INN.

"Why?" asked Madam Marion.

"Because I see the sign up. The sign is fastened to a tree. There is a lion painted on the sign."

"What else do you see about the sign?" asked Madam Marion.

Conversation between Ellen and Madam Marion about the picture.

"I can see the two hinges that it is hung from the beam by," replied Jane; "and there is a brace to hold up the beam."

"Is the sign fastened to a sign-post?" asked Madam Marion.

"No," replied Jane; "it is fastened to a great tree, and under the tree is a seat, and two people are sitting there talking together. And there is a man on horseback at the door," continued Jane, after examining the picture a little farther; "I suppose he is a traveler. He has got a mug in his hand, which seems to be full; I expect it is water. He is thirsty, and has come to ask for a drink of water."

"Or beer," said Ellen. "Perhaps it is beer."

"No," rejoined Jane; "for there is a well in the foreground, and a girl going there with a pail on her head. There is a little roof over the well, and a windlass, with a chain and a bucket."

"And there is a kind of a hen-coop in the middle of the yard, near where the house stands."

"It is not a hen-coop, I believe," said Madam Marion.

"What is it, then?" asked Jane.

"I believe it is a rack to put hay in, to feed horses."

"Ah yes," said Jane, "I see. It is full of hay now."

After looking at the picture for some time longer, Ellen was going to shut up the book, but Jane began to lift up some of the other leaves.

"No," said Ellen, shaking her head, "Madam Marion said that we must only look at this one."

"I am not going to look," said Jane. "I am only going to peep a little. I only want to see if there *are* any more pictures."

Jane is displeased, and is sullen.

James and Julia.

"No," said Ellen, "we must shut the book and carry it directly back."

So saying, Ellen closed the book and carried it back. Jane remained on the seat, and said, in a dissatisfied tone,

"I don't see why we can't see some more of the pictures."

When Ellen had given the book to Madam Marion, she returned to Jane.

"Come, Jane," said she, "let us go and play."

"No," said Jane, shaking her head, sullenly.

"Why, Jane!" said Ellen, "you should not be offended with me. It was not *my* fault, certainly, that you could not see any more pictures."

Jane did not answer.

"Come, Jennie," said Ellen, "let us go and play."

But Jane would not answer, and so Ellen left her and went away.

There was a boy in the party named James. He happened just at this time to come up to the piazza where Madam Marion was seated, leading his little sister Julia by the hand. James was very fond of his sister Julia, and, seeing two of the children looking at a picture-book, he came that way to ask Madam Marion if she would let him and Julia see it.

"You may see one of the pictures," said she, "but only one. That is all that Dory has seen."

So James took the book, saying, "Come, Julia," and led the way to a sofa which stood upon the piazza in a sheltered corner, near a window which opened down to the ground, and served as a door.

James and Julia looking at the picture-book.



JAMES AND JULIA.

James is kind and attentive to his sister.

James sat down upon this sofa, taking Julia by his side, and showed her the picture. They both looked at it very attentively, examining every part of it with great care. In fact, they derived a much greater degree of enjoyment from it than they would have done if they had been at liberty, after glancing at it a moment, to turn over the leaves of the book, and find other pictures.

There was a footstool under the sofa, and James, being habitually very kind and attentive to his sister, as gentlemen should always be to ladies, however young the parties may be, drew out this footstool, and placed it where Julia could put her feet upon it, before he commenced showing her the picture. He explained every thing in it to her in a very clear and satisfactory manner.

After James and Julia had looked at the picture long enough, they shut the book and carried it back to Madam Marion. She took the book and put it in the drawer.

Soon after this, Madam Marion called to Dory, saying,

"Dory, I can tell you where Benny's hoop is. Grant threw it over the wall into the road."

"Did he?" said Dory. "Then, Benny, I will go and get it for you. You may wait here till I come."

"No," said Madam Marion, "I have another plan. You must not go for the hoop yourself, but go and say to Grant that I wish to have him go and get it, and bring it in to Benny."

So Dory went across the yard to Grant, and delivered the message. Grant looked a little ill-humored at first, but he very soon seemed to think it best to obey. So he walked slowly across the yard, and out through the gate, and then he went along under the wall till he came to the place where the hoop was lying. In-

Grant throws Benny's hoop over the wall.

stead, however, of bringing it in to Benny, as he had been directed to do, he threw it over the wall with all his force. The hoop went farther, in its flight, than he intended. It bounded entirely across the yard, and lodged on the top of the wall on the other side, just over the trellis that the peach-tree was trained upon.

Dory and Benny stood waiting at the gate while Grant went out for the hoop, intending to take it when it was brought in. When, however, Benny saw it flying through the air, he was much disappointed, and he was particularly troubled when he observed that it lodged on the top of the wall.

"Now, Grant," said Dory, in a mournful tone, when Grant came back to the gate, "why did you do so? Aunt Marion said that you must bring it in yourself."

"Oh, that's all the same thing," said Grant. "I *threw* it in."

"But it has gone too far," said Dory. "It has lodged on the wall."

"Never mind," said Grant; "I'll climb up and get it. I'll climb up by the trellis."

"No," said Dory, "you must not do that. Aunt Marion said that we must not go to that peach-tree at all."

"Then I don't know what we shall do," said Grant, "to get back the hoop."

There were two boys who happened, just at this time, to be standing near the piazza—James, and another boy named Henry. Madam Marion, seeing that the hoop had lodged on the top of the wall, asked Henry to climb up and get it.

"If you are very careful," said she, "you can climb up by

James and Henry arrive at the trellis together.Henry is at a loss what to do.

means of the trellis to the top of the wall. You must, however, take good care not to break the peach-tree."

"Let *me* go," said James. So saying, he ran off before Henry, in order to get to the trellis first. Henry followed him quietly. He wished to obey Madam Marion's command, but he did not wish to have any contest about it with James, and so he went quietly along, as he would have done if James had not been there.

When James reached the trellis, he began at once to climb up. Henry stood at the foot of it, not knowing how he ought to act. To climb up after James would obviously not do, as that would overload the trellis, and be almost sure to break it down; and, besides, it would lead, very likely, to some sort of struggle or contest on the wall which would be very destructive to the fruit on the tree. While he was hesitating, James came down, with the hoop in his hand. He ran with it to Madam Marion.

"Here is the hoop," said he. "I got it."

"Yes," said Madam Marion, quietly. "In getting it, you meant right, but you have *done* wrong."

"How?" said James. "How have I done wrong? You asked us to climb up and get it."

"I asked Henry to do it, not you," replied Madam Marion. "I have no doubt you went off quick to do it, from a zealous desire to have my orders obeyed, and to get back Benny's hoop, but that was the wrong way. In fact, you prevented my orders from being obeyed. You disobeyed one order yourself, and you prevented Henry from obeying another."

"What order did I disobey?" asked James.

"The general order that I gave to you all," said Madam Ma-

Madam Marion explains the case to the children.Mischief done.

rion, "not to go to that peach-tree. That was the order that you were under. The new order was given to Henry alone."

"I did not think of that," said James.

"No," said Madam Marion; "and that is the reason I explain it to you. You do not deserve any blame for what you did, for you had a good intention, so I don't find fault with you, or do any thing to punish you. What boys need, in such cases as this," she added, with a smile, "is instruction, not punishment.

"And I think it will help you all to remember this principle," continued Madam Marion, "if you, James, should go and put the hoop back in the place you took it from, and let Henry go and get it, as I ordered him at first. Are you willing to do it?"

"Yes," said James; "I should *like* to go."

So James went back to the trellis, and, climbing up carefully, he put the hoop back on the wall. Then he attempted to come down. In descending, however, though he tried to be careful, his foot unfortunately slipped, and in attempting to save himself from falling, he broke down quite a large branch of the peach-tree, and all the peaches that were on it came tumbling to the ground. He stepped down himself, in utter consternation at the mischief he had done.

He looked up toward Madam Marion. He saw that she observed that the tree was broken, though she seemed to take no particular notice of it, but went on with her sewing as before.

"Aunt Marion," said James, "I have broken down your peach-tree dreadfully."

"That is no matter," said Madam Marion; "that was an accident. I don't care any thing about it."

Rankin eats one of the peaches.

The children are allowed to disobey if they please.

A boy named Rankin, who stood there, picked up one of the peaches which lay upon the ground.

“Rankin,” said James, in a low tone, “you had better not touch the peaches. She has not given you leave.”

“Oh, she won’t care,” said Rankin. “We may have the peaches now, I know. They are all bruised and broken, and would not do to carry into the house.”

So saying, he put a peach to his mouth, looking at the same time toward Madam Marion to see if she would forbid him. She observed him, he saw, but she said nothing, and so he considered her silence as a tacit consent. He began to bite the peach. One or two of the other children then began to take up peaches, looking all the time toward Madam Marion, to give her an opportunity to make objection to what they were doing, if she had any objections to make.

While these things were taking place, Dory was standing near Madam Marion.

“Aunt,” said she, “they are eating your peaches.”

“Yes,” said Madam Marion.

“Are you willing to have them?” said she.

“No,” said Madam Marion; “they are disobeying my orders.”

“Then why do you not tell them that they must not do so?” asked Dory. “Shall I go and tell them?”

“No,” said Madam Marion. “Leave them at liberty. I am *trying* them. Let them all act out their characters. If they are disobedient and insubmissive in spirit, I would rather they should show it here than get in my beautiful gardens and do mischief there.”

Refreshments announced.

A scramble.

Two boys excluded.

Thus Madam Marion went on, allowing the children to do just as they pleased, while she merely observed them, and as fast as she was satisfied that they had such characters as would make it safe for them to be admitted to her gardens, she gave them each a blue ribbon. For the girls, she tied the ribbon round their arms. For the boys, she put it through one of the button-holes of their jackets. None of the children, however, except Dory, knew yet what the ribbons were for, or why Madam Marion gave them to some and withheld them from others.

At last, about three o'clock in the afternoon, Madam Marion called all the children together, and told them she had something prepared for them to eat, and she requested them all to go and take seats by the table in the bower, saying that when they were ready she would ring the bell, and Thomas would bring in what she had prepared.

On hearing this, the children immediately commenced moving toward the bower. A great many of them began to run eagerly, and crowd by each other in getting in, so as to secure the best places. Others walked along quietly, and waited till the rest were seated, and then took such places as were left. There were two of the children who could not get in at all. There was no room for them. They, however, made no complaint, but sat down quietly on the steps of the piazza, near the arbor.

The two who were thus excluded were boys, and they both had blue ribbons in their button-holes. In fact, it was observable that all those who went in last, and got only such seats as the others left, had ribbons, while those who rushed forward to secure the best seats were those who had not received ribbons.

Thomas brings in the refreshments.The children called to Madam Marion.

Presently Thomas, a colored man, came in, bringing a large tray, with saucers, and spoons, and mugs upon it. These he placed upon the table, giving to each of the children a saucer, a spoon, and a mug. Then he went out, and presently came in again with two great dishes heaped up with ripe raspberries, a large pitcher of cream, and a bowl of fine sugar. There were also two pitchers, still larger, filled with rich milk, and a great basket of cakes—hearts and rounds. These things were placed upon the table, and then Thomas proceeded to distribute them, giving to each of the children two cakes, a mug of milk, and a saucer heaping full of raspberries. Then the sugar and the cream were passed around, and each one of the children, after putting on as much sugar as they desired, poured on the cream until the saucer was full to the brim, and the raspberries began to float. All the children were treated alike, both those who had ribbons and those who had not receiving the same quantity both of cakes and raspberries.

CHAPTER III.

THE WINDOW IN THE WALL.

WHEN the feast was ended, Madam Marion called the children to come around her on the piazza.

“Children,” said she, when they were assembled, “I am going to return into the house now, and let you all go into the park and amuse yourselves there without me.”

“Which is the way into the park?” said Grant, interrupting her.

Madam Marion explains her plan to them.

The park.

The gardens.

"Listen," said Madam Marion, "and hear all I have to say."

"I am going to let you go into the park. You can run about there, and play as much as you please. There are smooth roads where you can trundle hoops, and grassy lawns where you can play ball, and paths leading through the thicket to brooks and waterfalls. You can all of you go where you please in the park.

"Besides the park there are some gardens. I am going to allow some of you to go into the gardens. It is not safe for any to go there but such as are obedient, submissive to law, gentle, and kind. If you are disobedient there, you would do a great deal of mischief, perhaps, and give Uncle Ben, the gardener, a great deal of trouble. If you are not kind, or if you have such dispositions as to take pleasure in teasing your playmates, or giving them pain, then I ought not to let you go in. I ought not to allow any to go in who would, while there, mar the happiness of the rest. If you are unsubmitive in spirit, or selfish, or reckless, then you would very likely trample on the borders, or break down the fruit-trees or the flowers. I have been watching you while you have been playing here, to see which of you I could safely trust in my gardens, and I have given all such a blue ribbon. The blue ribbon is their pass."

Here the children began to look about at each other, to see who had got blue ribbons and who had not. Some who had not received them seemed displeased and looked sullen. Others appeared to be disappointed and sorry, but they manifested no particular indications of being out of humor.

"Now I suppose," continued Madam Marion, "that my telling you this will cause some of you to feel quite offended. But is it

The window in the wall.

The great iron knocker.

Uncle Ben.

not right that I should admit none into my gardens who would injure or destroy what is there, or who would mar the happiness of the others? You should not feel out of humor at this. On the contrary, you should think it is right, and immediately begin to form a good character, so that I can give you a blue ribbon too.

“The way to the park is through that gate.”

So saying, Madam Marion pointed to a gate in the wall, in one corner of the yard.

“You can all go through that gate,” continued the lady, “and play in the park where you please. In one place there is a summer-house near the garden wall. Near that summer-house, in a corner, are some stone steps, leading up to a window in the wall. Those who have blue ribbons can go up there and knock. There is a great black iron knocker on the shutter of the window. When you knock there, Uncle Ben will come; and if you have a blue ribbon on your arm, or in your button-hole, he will let you in. Now you can all go.”

So the children began to move toward the park gate. Those who had blue ribbons were full of joy and happiness, but the rest walked along rather slowly and sadly. There was one girl, named Joanne, who would not go at all. She turned away as soon as Madam Marion had done speaking, and walked toward the gate which led into the street. She said she did not see why she could not have a blue ribbon as well as the rest of the girls; and if she could not go into the gardens, she would go home.

She looked round when she got to the gate, thinking that Madam Marion would probably call her back, and say that she would give her a blue ribbon rather than have her go home in displeas-

The reason why Joanne did not receive a blue ribbon.

ure ; but Madam Marion said nothing to her, and so she went away.

The reason why Joanne did not get a blue ribbon was, that Madam Marion heard her speak in a very heartless and cruel manner of Dory, because she was lame. She told one of her companions, speaking loud enough for Dory to hear, that she thought girls lame enough to walk with crutches might as well stay at home, and not be coming to parties, and making themselves ridiculous. Madam Marion thought, very justly, that a girl who cherished such feelings as those toward the unfortunate, would be likely to spoil the happiness of any circle to which she might be admitted.

The rest of the children went into the park, and those who had blue ribbons soon found the summer-house, and the steps leading up to the window in the wall. They went up one by one, and knocked. Uncle Ben came when they knocked, but he was very particular about letting them in. He opened the door but a very little way until he saw that the one who was there had a blue ribbon. As soon as he saw that, he let him in.

The children who went in found the gardens very beautiful indeed. There were a great many walks in them ; some were straight, and others went winding about in endless mazes. And there were beautiful flowers, and ripe fruits, and gay borders and parterres ; and in one place there was a pond, with a very pretty boat drawn up to the shore.

The children remained in the gardens all the afternoon, and had a very pleasant time. On the top of the next page you see a picture of some of them amusing themselves with a little wheelbarrow which they found there.

The children in the garden with the little wheel-barrow.



THE GARDEN.

They had one trouble ; but that will be explained in the next chapter but two in this book.

CHAPTER IV.

KNOCKING AT THE GATE.

“Many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able.”

IMAGINE to yourselves a company of men knocking at the gate of a castle in time of war, and waiting to have the gate opened that they may go in. Imagine the expression of suspense and anxiety that would be seen in their countenances. They begin, at length, to despair. They think that the doors will not be open-

The strait gate.

What is meant by it.

A state of trial.

ed to them. They have never been friends to the lord of the castle, though now, because danger is impending, they come and desire him to let them in. They know, however, that they do not deserve to be admitted. One of the number, perhaps, is knocking timidly, and listening to hear if any one will come. The rest wait in anxious suspense and fear.

Such a scene as this illustrates what Jesus said about entering heaven. It is a strait gate, he said, that leads to heaven. Strait, in this sense, means *strict, difficult*—that is, a gate where it is hard to get in. Many shall knock, when the time comes at last, he said, and call out, “Lord, Lord, open unto us; and the Lord shall say, I know ye not, whence ye are. Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity.” No workers of iniquity can be allowed to enter in.

Jesus taught his disciples that, since the rule of admission to heaven is thus so strict, they should all strive to prepare themselves for it in season. In this world we are all on trial. The children in Madam Marion’s grounds were on trial. She allowed them to do as they pleased, and act out their characters freely, whatever their characters might be. The disobedient, the insubmissive, the malicious, the stubborn, had full liberty to show what they were. Madam Marion did not interfere with them; she did not reproach them; she did not punish them; she did not even withhold from them any of the kindness which she showed to the rest. Grant and Joanne were invited into the arbor as well as Dory and Henry. In fact, they took the best seats there, and Madam Marion did not interfere to prevent them. When Grant threw Benny’s hoop over into the road, and when Joanne spoke

This world is a state of trial and probation.

Bible lesson.

so unkindly about Dory, Madam Marion did not interfere. She kept silence, and let those who were injured bear their troubles as they best could. They were all on trial, and she wished to have their characters acted out to the full.

It is so in this world, which is a world of trial and probation. The wicked are, in a great measure, free to act as their wicked propensities dictate, and the weak and the helpless have to suffer in silence. But the end is coming by-and-by.

Read now, slowly and attentively, these verses from the Bible, and see if you understand them. They are arranged in two lessons—excellent lessons for children to learn.

LESSON I.

“The Lord looketh from heaven. He beholdeth all the children of men.

“From the place of his habitation, he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

“He considereth all their works.”

“Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity; for they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither like the green herb.

“Trust thou in the Lord, and do good;

“And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day.

“Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him. Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way—because of him who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Another Bible lesson.The conclusion of the matter.

“For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be.

“But the meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.”

LESSON II.

“After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands ;

“And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes ? and whence came they ?

“And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

“Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple ; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

“They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

“For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters ; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

The substance of it all is, that we can none of us, old or young, hope to enter heaven, unless the spirit of heaven reigns in our hearts ; and if this spirit is found in us while we are on earth, we shall be sure of peace and happiness unbounded, at last, above,

What the children found when they entered the garden.

whatever may have been the trials and troubles which we have to endure here below.

But what is the spirit of heaven?

We shall see.

CHAPTER V.

TRAINING.

THE children whom Uncle Ben admitted into Madam Marion's garden found a most delightful scene presenting itself before them as soon as they had passed through the window in the wall. They came out upon a terrace, or landing, with steps leading down from it to the walks and flower-beds below.

There were a great many arbors, and trellises, and fruit-trees, both standard and espalier.*

After Uncle Ben had let the children in, he remained behind on the terrace, to lock and bolt the shutter which closed the window in the wall, so that the children who had no badge could not get in. The wall was very high, and they could not possibly climb over it, even if any of them had been disposed to get into the garden in such a way.

Uncle Ben was very taciturn in his disposition, so he said very little to the children as they went down the steps into the garden. He, however, gave them some directions.

* Fruit-trees which grow by themselves, in their natural form, are called *standards*. Those that are trained artificially, against trellises or walls, are called *espaliers*. A *trellis* is a frame made to train trees or vines upon.

Uncle Ben's directions.

The pond and the boat.

Restrictions.

"You must not touch any of the fruit, or any of the flowers," said he. "By-and-by, before you go home, I will give you some fruit, and I will give each of you a bouquet."

"Yes," said Dory, "that will be better; for, if we had the flowers now, they would wilt before we go home."

"You may ramble about wherever you please," continued the gardener; "but you must not *run*, except when the walks are broad and straight. If you run round corners and in narrow paths, you will be in danger of treading on the beds and flowers."

"We'll be very careful," said the children.

"Madam Marion told me," continued the gardener, "that I might depend upon it that all the children who had blue ribbons would do exactly as I should say."

"Yes, we will," said the children.

"In one of the gardens," continued Uncle Ben, "you will find a pond, with swans and Muscovy ducks swimming in it. There is a boat there. You may get into the boat, if you please, but you must not go out very far."

"How far may we go?" asked Dory.

"Why, you must not go beyond the lilies," replied Uncle Ben. "You'll see some lilies out in the pond; you must not go beyond them, for there is a place beyond the lilies, under the trees which hang over the banks on the side of the pond, where the water is very deep, and if the boat should upset there, you would be drowned. This side of the lilies it is very shallow, and it would not do much harm even if you should upset."

"I should not dare to upset in a boat," said Dory, "even if the water was not deep."

Directions about the boat.

Dory and Mary stop to see Uncle Ben.

“The boat won’t upset,” replied the gardener, “unless you upset it on purpose. You’ll be safe enough if you do not go beyond the lilies. And you must not do any thing to tease or frighten the swans and ducks.”

“Oh no,” said Henry.

“I suppose you will do just as I tell you,” said the gardener; “if I did not, I shouldn’t dare to have you go in the boat at all.”

“Yes,” said Henry, “we certainly will.”

So Henry went away, leading with him all the children that desired to go and sail on the pond in the boat.

Children who are known to obey the directions which are given them can be allowed to have much more liberty, in respect to their enjoyments, than those who are insubmissive and disobedient.

“Uncle Ben,” said Dory, “what are you going to do?”

“Can I do any thing for you?” asked Uncle Ben.

“No,” said Dory; “only we should like to stop a little while, and see you work, if you have no objection.”

“No,” said Uncle Ben, “I have no objection.”

So Uncle Ben returned to his work. Some of the children stopped to see what he was doing.

Dory was among those that stopped. She could not walk so fast as the rest, and so she stopped to see what Uncle Ben was doing.

There was a little girl, named Mary, who stopped with her. Dory and the other children began very soon to ramble about in the neighboring alleys, but Mary remained standing by Uncle Ben, in order to see what he was going to do.

Little Mary talking with Uncle Ben.The watering-pot.

He was going to rake a bed where some beautiful flowers were growing. The place was in a corner of the garden, near an old wall. There was a watering-pot near, and Mary asked Uncle Ben if she might take the watering-pot and water the flowers.



UNCLE BEN.

Uncle Ben goes to training an espalier tree.

“Yes,” said Uncle Ben; “but I am afraid it is too large for you. But you may try. You may water this bed as soon as I have finished raking it.”

Presently Dory came and proposed to Mary that they should go round the corner of the wall and see what there was there.

“Yes,” said Mary; “you may go, and I will come presently, as soon as I have watered this bed.”

So Dory went round the corner of the wall, while Mary remained standing near Uncle Ben, waiting to water the flowers. When at length the bed was ready, she found that she could water it very well, although the watering-pot was so large.

After Uncle Ben had finished this work, he went away, with Dory and Mary, to another place, where there was an espalier pear-tree which he was training against a frame. The frame had been set up behind the tree, and the branches of the tree, extending on each side, were trained to it in a very regular manner. All the branches lay close to the frame. There were none coming out in front or back, so that the tree was perfectly flat. The branches were full of nice pears, nearly ripe. Uncle Ben was tying up one of the branches which was heavily loaded.

“How can you make a pear-tree grow in such a shape as this?” said Dory.

“By training it,” said Uncle Ben. “You see we take it when it is young, and we train the side branches to the trellis, bending them to their places when they are small and slender, and if any buds come out in front or back, we blind them.”

“What do you mean by blinding them?” asked Dory.

“Why, we nip them in,” said the gardener.

Conversation with Dory about training espaliers.

Dory did not understand any better what was meant by nipping in than by blinding. If the gardener had said that he rubbed them off, so as to prevent their growing, he would have been much more intelligible.

"Could I make an espalier pear-tree?" asked Dory.

"Yes," said the gardener, "if you had patience and perseverance enough."

"I have not a great deal of *time*," said Dory, hesitatingly.

"It does not require much time," said the gardener; "that is, you do not have to give a great deal of time to the work yourself; it is only patience to wait for the tree to grow. You see you get a young pear-tree, and set it out against the wall, in your mother's yard. You rub off all the front and back buds; you also nip off the top buds."

"What is that for?" asked Dory.

"To throw the sap into the side buds," said Uncle Ben, "and make them grow out into side branches faster. Then, as fast as the side branches grow, train them against the wall just as you wish to have them lie, and nail them there. You nail them with little tags of leather."

"But I haven't got any leather," said Dory.

"Little strips of cloth will do just as well," said Uncle Ben.

"Well," said Dory, "I suppose I could get little strips of cloth. But then I have not got any pear-tree."

"You must plant a seed this fall," replied Uncle Ben, "and then you will have a little tree in the spring. You had better plant a dozen seeds, for one might fail to grow. Plant a dozen, and then choose the best little tree you get among them all."

Dory is in doubt.

An alarm.

Outcries of children.

“But I have not got any seeds,” replied Dory.

“I will give you a pear when you go away from here to-day,” answered Uncle Ben, “and you can save the seeds from that.”

Dory was, at first, quite pleased with this plan; but then, on reflecting how long it would be before this idea could be realized, she seemed to think it was a great while to wait.

“I must wait till the fall,” she said, “before I plant the seeds. Then they will not come up before the spring. Then, I suppose, it will be two years, at least, before there are any branches big enough to train.”

“Yes,” replied Uncle Ben. “I told you it would require a great deal of patience.”

“But I mean to do it,” said Dory, “if it does take time.”

CHAPTER VI.

BOY TURNED OUT.

SOME other children had joined Mary and Dory while they were talking with Uncle Ben, and they remained by him, watching his operations, and rambling about in the alleys, and among the beds and borders near, for about half an hour. At the end of that time they were all alarmed at hearing the sound of a loud screaming in the direction where the other children had gone.

Now there is nothing more variously expressive than the outcry of a child. Although the sound is entirely inarticulate, it still expresses, with great plainness and accuracy, almost the precise character of the emotion that awakens it. There are cries of dis-

Uncle Ben resolves to go and see what is the matter.

tress, cries of pain, cries of anger, cries of terror, and cries of remonstrance. The cry which the gardener, and the children who were near him, heard, seemed to be one of fear and remonstrance combined. It was not such a scream of terror or pain as would lead the hearer to drop every thing, and run to ascertain the cause, but still it indicated some serious trouble.

"Yes," said Uncle Ben, after he had listened to it for a moment, "that is just what I told Madam Marion, if she let the children come into these gardens. They have got to quarreling. Let's go and see what is the matter."

So Uncle Ben put down his working implements, and began to walk down an alley in the direction whence the sounds proceeded. The children, all except Dory, ran on before him. Dory, who could not run very well, walked along by Uncle Ben's side. Thus the party went on until they came to the pond, where they soon saw what was the matter.

Several of the children were in the boat, which had been pushed out a little from the shore, and among them was one boy, rather larger than the rest, who was rocking the boat backward and forward, in order to frighten the children, and make them think he was going to upset them. The children were, in fact, quite frightened, and they called upon the boy to stop. They begged him, moreover, to push the boat back to the shore, and let them get out, but he would not. He continued to rock the boat back and forth, while they screamed with terror. The more they screamed, the more amused and pleased he seemed to be.

"Who is that boy?" said Uncle Ben.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Dory; "I don't believe he can

A boy without a blue ribbon.He must be put out.

have a blue ribbon. Madam Marion would not give a blue ribbon to such a boy as that."

When the boy saw the gardener coming, he stopped rocking the boat, and the children, looking upon Uncle Ben as their protector, at once felt relieved. One of them put an oar out, and began to push the boat toward the shore. The boy did not now attempt to prevent this, so that the children soon got to the shore, and all stepped out upon a little pier which was built near the place for a landing. The boy himself came out at last, and then the gardener saw that, as Dory had surmised, he had no blue ribbon.

"What business have you here?" said the gardener to the boy, seizing him as he stepped upon the pier. "What business have you here, troubling these children?"

"I wasn't troubling them," said the boy.

"Not troubling them?" repeated Uncle Ben.

"No," said the boy; "I wasn't going to upset the boat."

The gardener did not reply to this ridiculous defense, but looked upon the boy with an expression of strong displeasure in his countenance.

"And besides," he added, "how came you in here, without a blue ribbon?"

The boy hung his head, and did not answer.

"You must put him out, Uncle Ben," said the children.

"Yes," said Uncle Ben; "I *shall* put him out, you may depend."

So Uncle Ben went away, leading the boy away with him. After he was gone, the children got into the boat again, and had a very good time.

How the boy got in without a blue ribbon.

Jesus Christ, in the parable of the man who came to the feast without a wedding garment, and was consequently turned out, did not mean to have us suppose that there could be any way by which selfish and wicked men could really get into heaven, and stay there, making mischief and trouble until they were expelled. That can never be. None can ever enter there but those whose hearts are holy, pure, and full of love. The parable is only meant to make it certain for us that all the bad will be excluded, by showing that if, by possibility, any should get in, it would be immediately necessary to turn them out again.

In respect to the boy who troubled the children in the boat, though the gardener asked him repeatedly how he got in, he would not tell. The truth was this.

There was a ladder which the masons had left in a yard near the house, leaning against a small granary which stood close to the garden wall. The boy, in walking along the street, saw this ladder, and so he went into the yard through a small gate that was open, and began to mount it. From the roof of the granary he got over upon the garden wall, and then, creeping along the wall, among the tops of the trees and shrubbery which overhung it, he advanced till he came to a place where there was a small summer-house in a grove. The summer-house was built against the wall. The boy contrived to climb down into the garden by the trellis-work of the summer-house. His object was to get some fruit. He did take some pears and peaches, and he ate them as he walked along the alleys. At length, when he saw the children get into the boat, he thought it would be a good opportunity to have "some

Uncle Ben's man Thomas.Pulling out weeds.

fun," as he called it, by frightening them. So he ran suddenly down to where they were, and, jumping into the boat, pushed it off before the children could get out of it. Then he began rocking the boat from side to side, and continued in other ways to tease and trouble the children until the gardener came.

The children told Uncle Ben that they were very much obliged to him for sending that boy away.

"Yes," said Uncle Ben; "such boys as these ought to be got out of all good company, just as my man Thomas would pull out weeds from among my roses."



PULLING OUT THE WEEDS.

The three elements of the spirit of heaven.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SPIRIT OF HEAVEN.

THREE things at least are necessary to form in our hearts the spirit of heaven.

- I. A spirit of gratitude to God.
- II. Of kindness and good-will to man; and,
- III. Of submission to duty and law.

I. GRATITUDE TO GOD.

Among the boys who went to Madam Marion's there was one who did not really do any thing particularly wrong there—he did not tease or trouble the other children, or make mischief in any way. And yet neither Madam Marion herself, nor the children who received blue ribbons, wished to have him admitted into the gardens.

This unwillingness arose from the ingratitude and disrespect which the boy manifested toward Madam Marion herself.

This boy's name was Turner. He was older than most of the other children. His father was rich, and he was himself of a proud and lofty spirit, as is very often the case with weak and foolish boys and girls whose fathers are thought to be rich.

When Turner received the invitation to go to Madam Marion's, he seemed at first to consider it very doubtful whether it would be worth his while to accept it. He sat upon the steps of his fa-

Turner's character.

True manliness and false.

Turner's rudeness.

ther's house, with some other boys who were there, tapping his boot with a little ratan that he held in his hand, and assuming the airs of a grown-up man, which, as he was still quite a small boy, made him appear in a very ridiculous light.

It is a very excellent thing for a boy to be manly, but the manliness must be of the right kind. It must not consist in mere outward show and demeanor. If, for example, a boy interests himself in taking care of his father's property, if he puts the shop or the yard in order of his own accord, or mends the tools, or instructs or protects his younger brothers and sisters—that is being manly in the proper sense, for it is an imitation of the high and noble qualities of mind which mark the character of the man. In the same manner, if a boy, whose father is dead, devotes himself to the care of his mother and of the other children, if he watches over them, and earns money to maintain them, and makes purchases for them, and in other ways, so far as is possible, takes his father's place, such a boy is manly in the right way. He thinks and feels as a man would, in a similar situation. He takes the position, and, in a great measure, fulfills the functions of a man.

But Turner merely mimicked the outward dress and manners of a man.

“Shall you go?” said one of his companions to him.

“Why—I—don't know,” said he, answering very hesitatingly. “I believe the old lady has got some first-rate fruit on her premises. If I thought she would treat us well with that, I don't know but that I might go.”

Turner used the expression old lady as a term of ridicule and disrespect, for Madam Marion was not an old lady in reality.

Picture of Madam Marion showing a little girl the chickens.

She was quite a young lady, as is evident from this picture of her,



MADAM MARION.

where she is seen showing one of the children some chickens and a hen in a neighbor's yard. She used often to take walks in this way with the children, and show them things that they liked to see.

Turner's behavior at Madam Marion's.His heartless mode of speaking.

The hen is in a coop, which consists of a frame made of sticks neatly fastened together. There are three chickens outside of the coop. They are playing about a basin of water. One of them is trying to drink.

The child is asking Madam Marion why they shut up the poor hen in the coop, and not allow her to come out and play with her chickens.

But to return to the story.

Turner finally concluded to go to Madam Marion's; but, when he was there, he seemed to take no interest in the amusements and pleasures of the place, nor in the happiness of the other children. He sauntered about with a proud and lofty air, as if he were above such enjoyments and plays as the other children were engaged in. He also kept entirely away from Madam Marion. He did not even go to speak to her when he first came in.

When, however, he saw Thomas bringing the fruit in, he ran very eagerly to get the best place in the arbor, and he helped himself there very plentifully to sugar and cream. After he had finished eating the fruit, he turned to his next neighbor, and said, in an under tone,

"Well, Jemmy, old aunty's raspberries are first rate, but I do not see why she could not give us some grapes besides. I suppose she must have some that are ripe by this time, in some of her hot-houses."

Madam Marion did not hear this remark, but then she perceived at once what the spirit and temper of mind were which Turner possessed. She was very much pained to observe it. She herself felt a strong sentiment of kindness and good-will toward the

The spirit which Turner manifested is very common.

children, and wished to make them all happy. She wished, too, that they should all cherish a kind and affectionate feeling toward her. That would have been her reward. They who love children always desire to have children love them ; and this was particularly the case with Madam Marion, who, having lost her husband and her own children, felt a very strong desire to attract to herself the kind regards of those who came to see her. Thus the ingratitude and heartlessness of Turner gave her a great deal of pain.

There are a great many people in this world who treat their heavenly Father just as Turner treated Madam Marion. They greedily seize all the good gifts which his kindness bestows upon them, but they feel no gratitude or love for him in return. Their hearts are alienated from him. In fact, they never think or speak of him at all, except to use his name sometimes flippantly in conversation, or with levity and contempt. Such persons, if their hearts remain as they are now, can not hope to be admitted to heaven. If they were to get in in any way, they would only mar the general happiness there, and would have to be turned out.

II. KINDNESS AND GOOD-WILL TO MAN.

The spirit of kindness and good-will for others will not only prevent our taking pleasure in teasing or tormenting them, as malicious and cruel people do, but will lead us to compassionate and help them in their distress. Those who have the spirit of heaven will not stand or sit idly by when they see others in trouble. They will take pleasure in going as soon as possible to help them.

The boys on the ice.

Egbert and Erskine.

Erskine has a fall.

Here is a picture of a boy fallen upon the ice. There is another boy near, but he does not pity him, or offer to help him.



FALL ON THE ICE.

The boys' names are Egbert and Erskine. It is Erskine who has fallen upon the ice. The way it happened was this :

Egbert was putting on his skates, when Erskine, who has no skates of his own, came along to the place, running and sliding.

"Egbert," said Erskine, "may I try on one of your skates a little, while you are putting on the other?"

"I don't care," said Egbert.

So Erskine took one of the skates, and applied his foot to the wood, and then attempted to slide along upon it. The skate, however, was so slippery that he could not control it at all. It seemed to run off with him over the ice, while he attempted to save

Egbert's indifference.A philosophical question.

himself with the other foot; but all in vain. He fell down heavily upon his face, while the skate glided away toward a hole in the ice near by, where some ducks were swimming.

Egbert saw the fall, and heard poor Erskine cry bitterly, but he did not go to help him. He did not even look up, but went on buckling his straps. Finally he said,

“Come, Erskine, stop that noise, and bring me my other skate.”

Such kind of indifference to the sufferings of those around us is by no means the spirit of heaven.

And now, here is a philosophical question to be considered. Suppose that Egbert's skate had glided on till it came to the edge of the ice at that hole, and so had gone into the water, would it have sunk or floated? A skate is made partly of iron, and this would tend to make it sink. It is also made partly of wood, and this would tend to make it float. Which tendency would have prevailed?

There are some large boys skating on the same pond. One of them is coming as fast as he can to help Erskine up. The others do not hear. On the left, in the distance, under a willow-tree, is a lady coming upon the ice. She is somewhat afraid. A gentleman is assisting her. He tells her that there is no danger.

On the right, near the bank, under another tree, is a man sitting on a stone, while his son is putting on his skates for him. He is an elderly gentleman, who used to skate when he was a boy, and now he has come down to see if he can skate still. His son persuaded him to come.

“I will put the skates on for you, father,” said he, “and you

Various groups and parties on the ice.Selfishness not always malicious.

shall have nothing to do but to skate about and enjoy yourself, just as you used to do when you were no bigger than I am."

So the man concluded to go, and his son is putting on his skates for him.

This son takes pleasure in amusing and gratifying his father. The man would not have thought of such a thing as coming down to skate, if his son had not proposed it to him, and invited him to come. But he is pleased to come, since his son invites him, and seems to desire it.

The gentleman, too, who is guiding the lady upon the ice, takes pleasure in amusing and gratifying her. He is not indifferent to the happiness of others.

But Egbert does not care. It makes no difference to him whether those around him are happy or in pain. If they are happy, he has no objection, but it gives him no pleasure; and if they are suffering, he feels no concern.

There are, in fact, very few people in the world who are absolutely malicious, that is, who take a positive pleasure in producing and witnessing pain and suffering. Most people are very willing that others should be happy, provided that they themselves are not required to submit to any sacrifice or self-denial to make them so. But it is not enough for us to be *willing* that those around us should be happy. We must strongly desire that they should be so, and must be spontaneously inclined to do all that we can to promote their happiness, and not, like Egbert, be indifferent in respect to the welfare of others, provided that we can go on uninterruptedly in the pursuit of our own pleasures. Egbert thought of nothing but of getting his own skates on, and beginning his play.

The inhuman servant.

Famine.

Despair.

Here is another very striking example of indifference to the sufferings of others. Some poor, miserable people, in time of



THE POOR WANDERERS.

famine, are traveling, and, tired with their journey, and faint and exhausted for want of food, they have stopped to rest at a rich man's door. The servant, dressed in a splendid livery, has come out to drive them away. The woman clasps her hands in despair. The boy has lain down on his back upon the stone side-

Kind-heartedness.

Ways in which it manifests itself in children.

walk, and has gone to sleep. The baby is asleep, too, on his father's shoulder. The man is lame, and poor, and ragged, and wretched. He does not know what to do. He is trying to get back to his native town, in hopes that he can find some work to do there, or, if he can not find work, he hopes to find kindness and charity. The servant, however, cares nothing for all this misery. He looks at the poor wretches with a proud and scornful countenance, and orders them to go away.

This is not the spirit of heaven.

Some children seem to take a great deal of interest and pleasure in relieving all the pain and suffering they see. If they find a child in the street in any difficulty or trouble, they stop and help him. If a bird should, by chance, get entangled in the bushes, they would wish to open the bushes and let it fly away. If their little sister is sick, they do all they can to comfort or to amuse her. They read to her, watch by her bedside, and take pains to be very still. If they hear a child cry, or even a kitten mew, they go to see what is the matter, and they relieve the distress if they can. They do not feel happy themselves as long as there is any unhappiness around them. They do not like to see a bird in a cage, for fear that the poor little prisoner might be discontented there; and they step carefully out of the way, when they are walking in the garden alley, to avoid treading on the little sand-hills which the ants are building there around their holes.

Such a child carries sunshine and happiness wherever she goes. She is the joy of her father and mother, of her brothers and sisters, and of all her playmates and friends. Every body loves her; and, though she does not seek her own happiness, but only the

The third element.

Picture of a dog on duty.

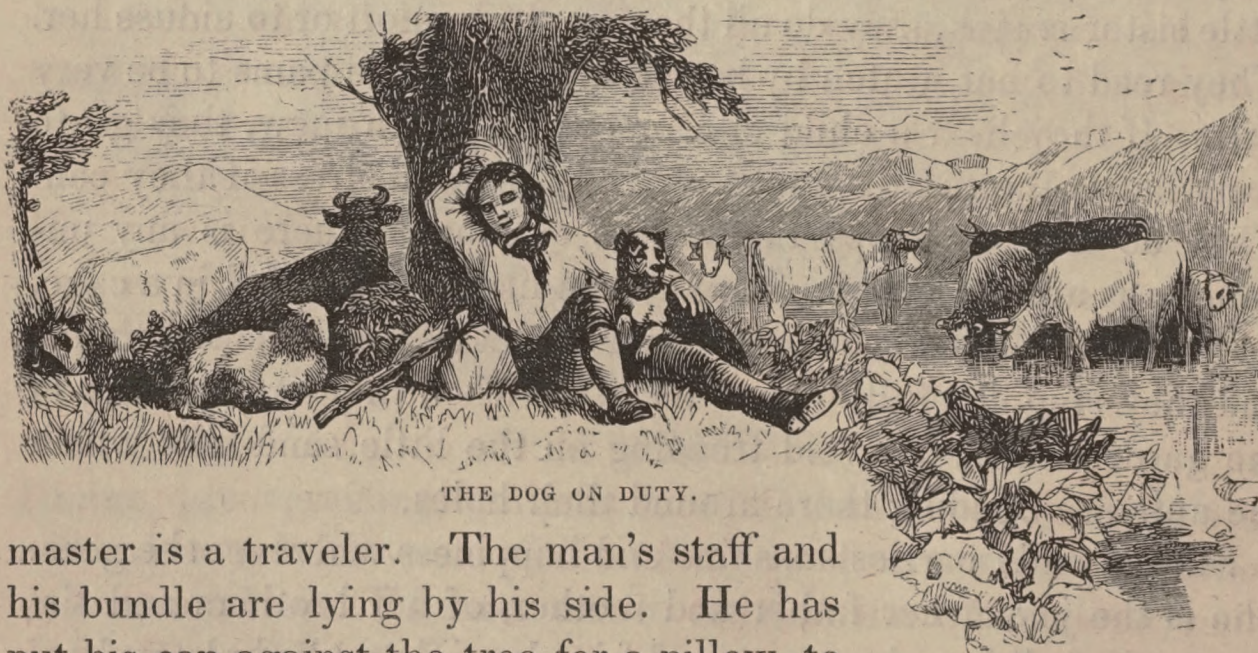
happiness of others, her heart is full of peace and joy all the time. The spirit which she feels is the spirit of heaven, and she lives in a sort of heaven all the day. God loves her, and she loves him. She seeks to obey all his commands, and to do her duty in all things; and every morning and evening she asks his forgiveness for all her failings and sins, and commits herself with confiding trust and confidence to his care.

This is the spirit of heaven.

III. SUBMISSION TO DUTY AND LAW.

A wolf and a dog look very much alike, but there is this difference between them: that a dog can be taught to do duty, the wolf can not.

Here is the picture of a dog on duty. He is watching. His



THE DOG ON DUTY.

master is a traveler. The man's staff and his bundle are lying by his side. He has put his cap against the tree for a pillow, to rest his head upon, and has fallen asleep. The dog is watching.

Description of the picture.Difference between the dog and the wolf.

The dog is tired himself, and would like to lie down and go to sleep too, but he prefers to do his duty. His duty is, he knows, to keep awake and watch.

The man trusts entirely to the faithfulness of his dog. He puts his hand confidently over his dog's neck, and goes to sleep without any concern.

The day is warm, and the man has laid himself down under the shade of a tree. He is in a pasture near the road side. There are cows and sheep in the pasture. A cow and a sheep are lying down near the man. Another cow is rubbing her head against a tree on the left. Others are cooling themselves by standing in the water. If any of them were to come so near the man as to be in danger of treading upon him, the dog would keep them off. So, if any man should come along the road, and, seeing the traveler asleep, and the bundle lying by his side, should attempt to steal it, the dog would attack him and drive him away. He thinks he hears some one now. He is listening, and looking toward the road very intently. He is engaged in doing *duty*.

A wolf, now, can not be taught to do duty in this way. He will not submit. You can not *make* him submit. If you show him kindness, he is not grateful; if you punish him, it only puts him in a rage. The dog yields cheerful obedience to proper authority, and is true and faithful to all the obligations of duty that are imposed upon him. All men admire, therefore, and praise the nature of the dog. They think it is noble. On the other hand, they hate and condemn that of the wolf. They make the dog their companion and friend, while they hunt and destroy the wolf wherever they find him.

Some boys seem to resemble the wolf in intractableness.Rossiter.

Some boys seem to possess, in a certain degree, the nature of the wolf, in that it is very hard to induce them to submit to rightful authority, and to make them willing to obey law, and yield themselves to the obligations of duty. If they are reasoned with, they pay no heed. If rewards and kindnesses are shown to them, they seem to be awakened to no gratitude; and to punish them only makes them angry. Such boys have none of the spirit of heaven. A very essential element of the spirit of heaven is a spirit of cheerful and ready submission to authority and law.

CHAPTER VIII.

DORMANT WICKEDNESS.

“God looketh on the heart.”

A PERSON may have a bad spirit in heart, while yet, in respect to his *acts*, he is doing nothing wrong. The temper and disposition of his mind may be very wicked, while his outward conduct is right. In such a case, he is to be judged by what is in his heart.

A bad and malicious boy, named Rossiter, who took pleasure in teasing and tormenting all other children that were smaller or weaker than himself, once took his stand near a corner where he expected some small boys to come by, and took up a stone, and made ready to throw it at them as soon as they should come in sight. His intention was, as soon as he should have thrown the stone, to run away himself around the corner, and hide in an alley there, where he thought he could hear and enjoy the cries and complaints which the small boys would make without any danger.

He forms a plan to throw stones at some small boys

A good boy—that is, a boy with a right disposition and temper of mind, could not take any pleasure in hearing the cries and complaints of innocent sufferers. But Rossiter had such a heart that he *could* take pleasure in it. It was fun to him.

It happened, however, that the small boys did not come. So, after waiting for some time, he threw down his stone and went his way.

Thus he did not actually do any thing that was wrong. He did not throw his stone, and, consequently, did not hurt any body. Apart from the *intention* to throw a stone, and give persons pain by doing it, there seems to be no harm in taking one up. Thus Rossiter did not perform any outward act that was wrong; but he was in a very sinful state of mind. Such a person could never be admitted into any happy community, either in this world or the other, without immediately marring the happiness of it. He would do mischief and make suffering just in proportion to the power he might possess.

Thus a boy may be very bad in heart while yet he is not actually doing any mischief. In fact, he may be very bad in heart while he is not doing any thing at all. A boy, named Ezra, was once shut up by his father in a chamber for punishment. While there, he went to the window, and looked out to see his brothers, who were in the yard below, flying their kite. He was very angry with his father for not letting him go out to play with his brothers, and he stood at the window hoping that the kite-string would get tangled in the trees. That was all. He did not *do* any thing whatever; he merely *wished*. It is true that, if he had had power to put forth a long, invisible arm, and push the kite-string against

The serpent and the tiger, when in repose.

the trees, he would have done it. But he had no such power, and so he did nothing. Still, his heart was full of wickedness. Thus we see that one's heart may be wrong while his outward conduct is right, or when there is no outward conduct at all.

Here is a picture of a tiger. He has devoured the animal that he killed last, and nothing is left of it but some bones. He is now



THE TIGER IN REPOSE.

looking out for more prey. He has very sharp claws to hold his prey with, and very powerful muscles, by which he can spring

They are savage and fierce in disposition, though now doing no harm.

with prodigious force upon his victim. In addition to this, he has a very fierce and ferocious temper. He is lying quiet now, and is doing no harm. He is of very graceful form, and his fur is soft and beautifully spotted. If he had the temper and disposition of a dog, what a pretty pet and plaything he would be.

Above the tiger, on a branch of the tree, in the picture, is a serpent. He is coiled around the branch. He is not hurting any body. There is nobody near him that he can hurt. His mouth is open, however, and the fangs are out, and the poison is all ready, at the root of the fangs, to be injected into the veins of any body who comes in his way. The poison is now there, ready to act whenever there is an opportunity, though it is not now acting. It is latent venom, and latent venom in a serpent is like dormant wickedness in a man.* We dislike and dread the poisonous serpent even when he is not biting any body. We are repelled from and shun the wicked man, even though for the time he is not doing any wickedness. The poison is in his heart, ready to act at any moment whenever opportunity offers.

The dog is kind and gentle. He is grateful for favors, faithful in duty, and docile and submissive under authority. The tiger is fierce and ungovernable. Like the wolf, he can not be made to perform any useful work. He shows no gratitude for any kindness or favor that is bestowed upon him. He is governed at all times by a fierce and indomitable eagerness to spring upon every living thing that comes within his reach, in order that he may kill and devour it. He is lying quiet now, and is doing no mischief. But his spirit and temper are still the same. He is just as much

* *Latent* means hidden; *dormant* means sleeping.

The tiger on the watch.He is ready to leap upon his prey.

a tiger while lying thus quietly at rest as he is when he is springing upon and devouring a lamb.

The tiger is formed like the cat. Like the cat, he springs upon his prey. The cat catches mice by springing on them. She can spring six or eight times her own length. The tiger, being much larger than the cat, can spring much farther, but not so far relatively to his own length. If the cat can spring six or eight times her length, the tiger might perhaps clear five or six times his. He hides himself in the boughs of a tree, or in the shade of a thicket, or he crouches down upon the brink of a precipice, from which he can look over upon the green below ; and when a sheep, or a goat,



THE TIGER ON THE WATCH.

or any other animal which he desires for a prey passes along near to him, he springs upon them in a most unexpected manner, and

The tigers in Bengal.Beginning of the story of Franklin and Collins.

so kills and devours them. Travelers say that sometimes, in the East Indies, where tigers abound, a boat, in passing near the shore under an island, or along the bank of a river, if it goes too near the thickets on the bank, will be overwhelmed by a monstrous tiger, six or eight feet long, coming down with a tremendous leap into it from the jungle. The boat is in such cases broken to pieces, the men are thrown out into the water, and some of them, perhaps, are seized by the tiger and devoured.

He is, however, no more fierce and furious when he is doing such things as these than he is at other times. He shows his disposition and character by these deeds, but he possesses a disposition and character just the same when he is lying quietly in his den.

CHAPTER IX.

FRANKLIN AND COLLINS.

THE nature of a bad turn of mind, and the way in which it interferes with the happiness of others, is shown in the story of Franklin and Collins.

Franklin was a great statesman. In the latter part of his life, he was sent to England and to France by the government of America to negotiate treaties, and to transact other public business of the highest importance. He was also a very distinguished philosopher. He it was who first surmised that the lightning of the clouds was produced by the same cause as that which gives shocks and sparks from an electric machine ; and he made a kite, with a

Franklin and Collins go to Philadelphia.

Collins' character.

The Delaware.

very slender wire in the string, and raised this kite in a thunder-shower, in order to bring down the electricity. This experiment succeeded perfectly well. The electricity came down the wire, and charged an electrical jar which he had on a table, and he gave a shock with it.*

When Benjamin Franklin was a boy about sixteen or seventeen years of age, he went from Boston to Philadelphia with another boy, named Collins, to seek his fortune. He was himself very industrious and frugal, and was generally very just and kind to all with whom he had any dealings. Collins had a similar character at first; but he fell into idle, intemperate habits afterward, and became a very dissipated and wicked boy. Franklin, however, would not abandon his friend at once, but did all he could to reform and save him. He used to lend him money to pay his debts, and try to get good employment for him, and reason with him to persuade him to abandon his idle and vicious habits, and he endeavored in every other way to seek his welfare.

But all was in vain. The efforts that Franklin made seemed to do no good.

One day, Franklin and Collins, together with some other young men, concluded to go out on the River Delaware in a boat for pleasure. The River Delaware is near Philadelphia. They got the boat at one of the wharves. There were four boys in the boat, Franklin, Collins, and two others. They agreed to take turns in rowing, two at a time. They did so in going up the river; but

* He covered his kite with silk instead of paper, in order that it might not be spoiled by the rain. There will be a full account of this experiment, and of many others which Franklin performed, in a future story-book of this series.

Collins refuses to row.

His unreasonableness and obstinacy.

The thwarts.

when they were coming down, on their return home, Collins refused to row any more in his turn.

“You must row the rest of the way,” said he to the other boys; “I’m tired of it.”

“No,” said Franklin, “we are tired as well as you. You must do your share of the work. We are not to do it all.”

“Very well,” replied Collins; “if you don’t row home, you’ll have to stay all night upon the water.”

So saying, he folded his arms, and looked as if he were fully determined not to touch an oar again.

After some delay, the other boys were disposed to give up to Collins, unreasonable as he was. They thought, as good-natured and sensible boys always do on such occasions, that it was better to give up, and suffer a little wrong, than to have a quarrel. But Franklin was pretty well out of patience with Collins’ unreasonableness and ingratitude, and he was unwilling to yield to him any more; so he insisted that Collins should row in his turn. Collins refused to do so; and, beginning to grow angry himself, ordered Franklin to take an oar immediately and begin to row.

“I will not,” said Franklin.

“Then I’ll make you,” said Collins.

Collins was in the stern of the boat at the time, and Franklin was on one of the middle thwarts.* Collins went toward him, brandishing his fist as if to strike him. But Franklin, who was very temperate in his habits, and so was very healthy and strong,

* Seats of the boat which pass across from side to side are called thwarts. They derive their name from the fact that they pass *athwart*, that is, *across* the boat.

Picture of Collins overboard.

Conversation.

The gunwale.

was not at all afraid of him. Just at the instant that Collins was ready to deal the blow, Franklin sprang forward, with his head down, thrust his head between Collins' legs, and then, rising up suddenly, he threw him over the gunwale* into the water.

Collins must have been greatly astonished at finding himself thus suddenly and unceremoniously thrown overboard into the stream. As soon as he rose to the surface, after his first plunge, he began to swim toward the boat, uttering threats and imprecations, and demanding that they should stop and let him get on board again. Franklin stood all the time in the stern of the boat, looking calmly and quietly at him.



COLLINS IN THE WATER.

"Take me on board!" said Collins.

"If you'll promise good behavior," said Franklin.

"Let me come on board!" repeated Collins.

"Will you promise to row?" asked Franklin.

"No," said Collins.

"Then give way, boys!" said Franklin.

He addressed these words to the two other boys, who were all this time seated on the thwarts, in the forward part of the boat, with oars in their hands. The boys accordingly pulled a few

* The gunwale is the edge of the boat. Sailors commonly pronounce the word as if it were spelled *gun'l*.

Collins conquers by his obstinacy.The boys take him into the boat.

strokes with their oars. This drew the boat a little ahead, so as to keep it out of Collins' way as he swam toward it from behind. After the boat had been thus shot ahead to a safe distance, the boys rested upon their oars, and Franklin and Collins came to another parley.

"Stop the boat, and let me come on board!" said Collins.

"Will you promise to row?" said Franklin.

"No," said Collins.

"Then give way, boys!" said Franklin.

This process was repeated several times, until the boys saw that Collins was becoming really exhausted, and that there was danger that he would sink and be drowned before he would give up. Persons who are in the wrong in a contest are almost always very obstinate, and unwilling to give up, while those that are in the right are generally yielding, and ready to concede to others. Thus, in this contest, the boys in the boat, who were in the right, finally gave up to Collins, who was in the wrong. They stopped the boat, and drew Collins, all dripping with water, on board.

Franklin and Collins were never really good friends again after this transaction. It is very plain that a boy possessed of so selfish and overbearing a temper could never be a safe or agreeable companion. It is true, he might be good-natured and pleasant enough while allowed to have his own way, but whenever it should come his turn to encounter any hardship or fatigue, no reliance could be placed upon him. There seemed to be no element of generosity, or even of justice, in his character.

There are a great many people in this world who act, in all their

 Remarks on the case.

 Sins that come by surprise.

intercourse with other men, just as Collins did on this excursion. They are selfish, arrogant, and unjust, and they go through life crowding and elbowing all who come in their way. Their inquiry always is, in their dealings with their fellows, not how much are they entitled to, but how much can they get; and they seem to care for nobody's happiness but their own. There are some such characters almost always among the boys of every village, and among the men in every town. Even ladies, and young and gentle girls—or girls who look as if they might be amiable and gentle—often are seen to manifest the same spirit. Such a spirit always mars the happiness of every circle where it gets in. But it will never mar the happiness of heaven, for nobody that possesses such a spirit will ever gain admission there.

CHAPTER X.

TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

A BOY who is usually governed by the right spirit, and who desires to do his duty, is sometimes unexpectedly betrayed into a fault by sudden temptation. He is, as it were, taken by surprise.

Peter's sin in denying his Lord was a case of this kind. The circumstances of the case were as follows:

On the night when Jesus Christ was taken prisoner, just before his crucifixion, the weather was cold, and after he was taken, the soldiers who had been employed for the purpose of apprehending him were warming themselves by the fire in the outer hall of the high-priest's palace, while Jesus himself was taken into the inner

Account of Peter's denying his master.Circumstances that led him to do so.

hall to be questioned there by the high-priest. A few soldiers went in with him to the inner hall, but the rest remained in the outer hall, and while they waited they warmed themselves by the fire. Some other persons came in there besides the soldiers. Among them was Peter, one of the disciples. When Jesus had been taken prisoner, the other disciples had fled in terror. They supposed that Jesus would be killed, and that, if they did not make their escape, they should be killed too. So they forsook their master, and fled.

But Peter would not fly. He was more bold than the rest. He seized a sword, and began to defend himself against the men who had come to seize his master. He struck a blow at one of them with his sword. He struck with so much force, that, if the blow had taken effect as it was aimed, it would probably have cleft the man's skull. The man, however, as it would seem, moved his head, at the instant, a little to one side, so that the sword just grazed his temple and cut off his right ear.

Jesus then forbade Peter to fight any more, and directed him to put aside his sword. He also gave himself up to his enemies, and they took him away. Peter followed them. He kept at some distance from the soldiers for some time, for fear that they should seize him too. Finding that he was not molested, he drew up cautiously to the palace gates, and when they went in, he followed them. He supposed that the people in the palace would not know him, for it was in the night that Jesus had been taken, though now it was near morning.

Thus it happened, that when the soldiers and the servants collected round the fire in the outer hall, Peter was there too.

Judas acted very deliberately.Peter's plans and intentions.

Peter thought that they would not know him. They had never seen him before. They did not even know Jesus ; and so, when they were going out, with lanterns, and torches, and weapons to take him prisoner, they had to make a bargain with some one to show them the person that they were to seize. They made this bargain with Judas. Judas knew Jesus very well, for he was one of the disciples ; and he agreed to signify to the officers which was Jesus, when they came, otherwise they would not have known which person of the company to seize.

So Peter supposed that they would not know *him*, and, as he loved his master, and was very anxious to learn what was going to become of him, he ventured to go stealthily in with the soldiers and servants, and to stand with them before the fire in the hall, in order to listen and hear what they should say.

"I will keep it secret," thought he to himself, "who I am, so that they shall not seize me. Besides, if they do not know that I am one of Jesus' friends, I shall hear what their plans are, and can perhaps do something to help him escape from them."

Peter was found out, however, very soon, and in a singular way. The disciples of Jesus came generally from Galilee, which was a province where the language of the people was a little different from the language at Jerusalem ; or, rather, though the language was substantially the same, the pronunciation and intonation of the people were different, so that a Galilean could generally be recognized in Jerusalem by his speech. Now there was a servant-maid in the hall, among the others who were about the fire, and she, hearing Peter speak, observed that he spoke in the Galilean manner.

Peter was taken by surprise.

Judas, on the other hand, sinned very deliberately.

“Ah!” said she, at once, “this man must be one of his disciples.”

“No,” said Peter, “I do not know the man at all.”

Thus he was taken by surprise. The emergency was sudden and unexpected. He was greatly excited with anxiety and fear, and he did not think what he was doing. As soon as he had time to reflect upon it, he was very sorry for having committed such a sin.

It is not surprising that Peter, though sincerely attached to his master, should have been thrown off his guard in the midst of such a scene of excitement and danger.

As soon as he had uttered his denial, he heard the cock crow. It was beginning to be morning.

On hearing the cock crow, Peter was overwhelmed with confusion. He was reminded of the words that Jesus had said to him—Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. He had twice before denied that he was one of the friends and followers of Jesus. In all these cases, he had been called upon so suddenly, and in the midst of such scenes of excitement and danger, that he may fairly be considered in them all as having been taken by surprise.

It was very different with Judas. He made a deliberate bargain beforehand to betray Jesus into the hands of his enemies. The chief priests, and the officers whom the priests were going to send for Jesus, did not know him very well, and, as it was night when they were going to apprehend him, they thought they should need a guide—not only that they might be conducted to the place where he was, but that they might be sure, when there, of taking the right man.

How Judas came to engage to betray his lord.

The reason why they determined to seize Jesus in the night, and not in the daytime, was, because he had so many friends in the city, and these friends were so devoted to him, that his enemies were afraid, if they attempted to seize him in the city, that a great crowd would be collected about him, and that there would be a riot. It was even possible that his friends might succeed in rescuing him out of their hands. So they said,

“It will be better to take him in the night, when he is alone, or almost alone.”

But how were they to find him in the night? and how were the officers, whom they were to send after him, to be sure of the right man? Unless they should have some one to tell them who Jesus was, they might, by mistake, as has been intimated before, get Peter, or John, or Matthew, or any other one of the disciples, who might chance, at that time, to be with Jesus.

While they were hesitating about this, quite perplexed to know what to do, Judas went to them, and asked them what they would give him if he would go, some time, and show the men whom they should send for Jesus where they should find him, and who he was.

The priests were very glad when they heard this proposal. They told Judas that they would give him thirty pieces of silver.

Judas at once agreed to do it for that sum. He, however, thought that he should not like to go forward in an open manner, and point to Jesus, and say, “That is he,” for Jesus had always been his friend, and he was ashamed to betray him openly.

“But I will give you a sign,” said he. “When I come to where Jesus is, among his other disciples, I will say nothing to

The men make ready to go out.

The lanterns and torches.

the rest, but I will go up to him and salute him. The one, therefore, that I go to and salute, you may know is the right man."

All this arrangement was made the day before. It was very deliberate. Judas had a long time to think of it, instead of having been taken, as Peter was, by surprise.

At length, at midnight, the men said that the time had come to go out for Jesus, and they began to make their preparations. They lighted their lanterns and their torches, and got their swords and spears ready.

Lanterns are lights that are protected by some transparent or semi-transparent covering, which keeps the wind out, but allows the light to shine through. If a light is small, the wind will blow it out if it is not thus protected. If the light is large, the wind will not blow it out. Such large lights, which will bear exposure to the wind, without any protection, are called torches. They are made in various ways. Sometimes there is a reservoir of oil, with a very large wick coming from it, on the end of a long handle. This, when lighted, makes a great, flaring, and smoking flame, that the wind can not easily put out. Torches are sometimes made of cotton cloths dipped in melted rosin, or some other combustible substance, and wound round the end of a stick. This preparation, when lighted, makes a great flame, which the wind will not put out.

A torch gives a much better light than a lantern, but it will not burn so long. It burns faster, and so it burns out quicker.

The light of a lantern will burn longer than a torch, but it is not so bright.

If you need a very bright light, and for only a short time, a

Difference between a torch and a lantern.The apprehension of Jesus.

torch is best. If you need a light a long time, you take a lantern. The lantern will endure, though it will not afford so good a light.

The men who went to apprehend Jesus on the night before he was crucified, took lanterns and torches both. They wished for a bright light, and so they took torches. But they did not know how long they might be gone, so they took lanterns too, to serve them as a resort in case the torches should go out.

They had authority, as public officers, to seize Jesus, and make him prisoner. As soon as they had seized him, their intention was to bind him, in order to guard against any danger there might be that he would make his escape, and then take him into the city, and keep him confined until the morning. They were then intending to bring him before the chief priest, and also before the Roman governor, that he might be tried on a false accusation which they were going to bring against him, and, if possible, have him condemned to death.

This plan was subsequently carried fully into effect.

When the men were all ready, they went forth together out of Jerusalem. Judas went with them to show them the way. Jesus was in a garden at a little distance from the city. He had spent the evening and the night there, with his disciples, walking about among the trees, in great distress and anguish of mind. He knew that his enemies were in pursuit of him, and that he was to be taken and crucified on the following day. Some of his disciples were with him. They were endeavoring to comfort him. Sometimes Jesus would leave these friends, and go away by himself and pray to God. This gave him more comfort and peace than any thing else. Still his heart was full of anxiety and sorrow.

The band of men come into the garden.Jesus goes forth to meet them.

Presently the band of armed men were seen coming into the garden. The light of the torches gleamed upon the trees and shone upon the glittering weapons. Jesus saw them coming. He did



JESUS APPREHENDED.

not attempt to fly. He went forward to meet them. His disciples went with him. Judas came up as he had agreed, and advanced to Jesus. He said, "Hail, Master!" and kissed him. This was the usual way of saluting friends in those days, and it was the signal that Judas had agreed upon. So the officers knew which was Jesus by the signal that Judas gave them.

Judas, however, did no good even to the enemies of Jesus by his treachery, for Jesus himself was ready to tell them who he

Judas did neither good nor harm by his treason.

was. He knew that he was about to die for them, as their Savior and Redeemer, and he did not wish to escape. In fact, when they were coming to him, he asked them who it was that they had come after. They told him they had come for Jesus of Nazareth. Then he told them that he was the one they sought, and asked them to allow the others who were there to go away.

Thus Judas did no good and no harm by the treachery. It is true that Jesus was crucified the next day, and died in dreadful agony, but he would have been crucified just as certainly if Judas had not betrayed him. Thus Judas' wickedness did no harm.

The wickedness was none the less great, however, on that account. The wickedness of wicked deeds does not depend upon the harm that comes from them. A boy once got angry with his brother, and threw a stone at him. The stone did not hit him. The boy who threw it, however, was just as much to blame as he would have been if the stone had hit him on the head and killed him. The sin was in throwing the stone. The sin was all committed when the stone left the boy's hands. What became of the missile afterward was beyond his control, and could in no way really affect his guilt.

Thus, though the sin which Judas committed did apparently no harm at all, and made no difference in respect to the sufferings and death of Jesus, it was still a very atrocious sin, for it was a predetermined and deliberate act of treachery paid for with money.

Peter, on the contrary, in denying that he was one of Jesus' friends, acted under the influence of sudden excitement. He was taken by surprise.

Children often taken by surprise.

Account of a school.

Quarrels.

Children are often thus taken by surprise in the wrong things that they do. The story of the Frosted Cake, which will be related in the next chapter, gives an instance of this.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STORY OF THE FROSTED CAKE.

I.

TRANSGRESSION.

ON the banks of the North River, not a great many miles from New York, there was formerly a small boarding-school for boys, situated in the environs of quite a large village.

The boys of the village were rather rude and mischievous, and they used to come sometimes upon the grounds which belonged to the school, and commit various depredations there. They would steal the fruit, and break down the camps and wigwams that the school-boys used to make in their play, and upset the boat on the pond, and do all manner of mischief. Then the boys of the school were very prone to resent these injuries, and to assail the village boys with recriminations and reproaches when they met them in their neighborhood; and thus continual quarrels were occurring, and much ill-will was engendered. In a word, the teacher came to the conclusion, before long, that he must, in some way or other, find means to effect a complete separation between his boys and these outsiders, or there would be no peace.

The teacher builds a high wall.

The Free List.

Fishing excursions.

So he built a high wall all around his grounds.

“That’s a good plan,” said the boys of the school to each other, when they saw the workmen beginning to build the wall; “now those ugly village boys will be kept out.”

“That’s a good plan,” said the village boys, at the same time; “now those ugly school-boys will be kept in.”

When the wall was finished, the boys of the school were all required to remain within, on the grounds belonging to the school, except those belonging to the Free List. The Free List, so called, was a list of those boys that had been proved worthy of full and implicit trust and confidence—boys that always obeyed orders—that never stopped to play by the way, when sent to the village—that were always civil and gentlemanly to the village boys, and never got into quarrels with them; and who, when allowed to go out of bounds, as it was called, always returned at the appointed time. Those pupils who, after a sufficient trial, were found to have such a character as this, were put upon the Free List, and they were sometimes allowed to go into the village. The other boys never.

If a boy on the Free List became a bad boy, his name was taken off.

If a boy not on the Free List became a good boy, his name was put on.

All the boys of the school wished very much to be on the Free List, for those who were so enjoyed much greater liberty and many more privileges than the rest.

One Saturday afternoon, the teacher went off on a fishing excursion with the boys, to a pond about a mile from the school.

The boys go out on the pond in a boat.

The pic-nic.

A consultation.

All the boys went on this excursion; for, when it so happened that the teacher himself could go with them off the grounds, he was willing that they should all go, whether they were on the Free List or not. It was safe for them to go, in such a case as that, for the teacher was with them to take care of them.

In the course of the afternoon they took a boat, and went out into the middle of the pond, and landed on an island. Here they sat down under the trees and had a pic-nic. The feast consisted of bread and butter, bread and cheese, sandwiches, and an orange apiece for each boy. There were just twelve of them.

The boys had excellent appetites, and they liked the pic-nic very much. In the course of the conversation which they had with each other, as they sat under the trees, the teacher said that there was one thing which troubled him a little in the management of the school, and that he did not know exactly what to do about it.

“What is it, sir?” said the boys.

“Why, when you come back to school after vacation, or when a new boy enters the school, you very often bring in your trunks a large and rich cake, which your mother has baked for you at home, and then you make yourself sick eating it.”

The boys were silent. Their thoughts were busy in reverting to one and another who had been guilty of this folly. One boy, in fact, counted up all the cases that he could remember. There were seven, including himself. He counted himself twice, for he had made himself sick on two occasions.

“You must take the cakes away from us, sir,” said one of the boys, suggestingly.

Various plans proposed.

The teacher makes a new rule.

The boys acquiesce.

"I might do that," said the teacher, "but that seems rather hard. Your mother takes pains to have a cake made, or bought for you, as a token of her affection, when you come away from home, and, as soon as you get into my power, I take it away!"

The boys laughed.

"You must make us divide our cakes equally among the other boys," suggested another scholar.

"That is only another form of taking it away," replied the teacher.

After a short pause, another boy said, "That he thought the teacher might take the cake away from the boy, and keep it for him, giving him a small piece of it every day, as long as it lasted, and that would not make him sick."

"It would not make him so suddenly sick," replied the teacher, "but it would do him, perhaps, as much injury in the end, by taking away his appetite for more wholesome food, and so making him grow pale, and delicate, and sickly. I wish to have all my boys become robust, and healthy, and strong. I wish to have them eat substantial food, with good hearty appetites, and not undermine their health and strength by surfeiting themselves with unwholesome luxuries. I am seriously thinking of making a rule that no cake must be brought into the school at all."

"Well," said the boys, good-humoredly, "*we don't care.*"

The fact was, that the boys at that school had such an abundance of excellent food, and were, in other respects, so well provided for, that they thought very little of extra supplies of cake. What they wanted most was plenty of time to play about on the grounds. They did not care so much about cakes and pies.

Kilby resolves not to submit.He will smuggle in some cake, he says.

After reflecting fully upon the subject, the teacher finally concluded to establish the rule prohibiting the boys from bringing any cake to the school at any time, and the boys generally acquiesced in it.

They *all* acquiesced, in fact, except one. He declared to the other boys, as soon as he was alone with them, that he would have just as much cake as he wanted.

"How will you get it?" said the other boys.

"I'll smuggle it in," said Kilby.

The boy's name was Kilby.

The rest of the boys thought the rule was a very good one, and they were willing to submit to it; but Kilby was not willing. He was a boy that had been indulged a great deal by his parents, and allowed to have his own way. So he had become selfish, unreasonable, and unwilling to submit to necessary restraints. He had been in school only a few days at this time, and the teacher had not yet had opportunity to observe his true character. He was on probation.

About this time the boys were very much interested in enlarging a cage or pen, in which they kept some rabbits which they had, in a corner of the yard, near the wall which inclosed the school grounds. The boys of this school were very much interested in collecting animals of all sorts, and they had a great many different kinds of cages for them. Over the leaf is a picture of some of these animals, with the cages that they kept them in. Over the rabbit-pen is a revolving cage, with squirrels in it. To the left, above, fastened against the wall, is a square cage, which the boys made out of a box which they found in the barn. There is anoth-

Picture of the boys' animals in the corner of the garden.



THE RABBIT-PEN.

er smaller box on the rabbit-pen, near the revolving cage, with the

The boys need an auger.

Debate about the mode of sending for it.

letters H. W. on the end of it. This box belonged to one of the boys. It was one in which he had once brought a cake with him to school. When the cake was eaten up, he gave the box to be used for a sort of granary, to keep the corn in that was required to feed the squirrels. The rabbits are in the foreground, eating cabbage-leaves, with their little rabbits near them. The nearest little one is listening.

In the course of their operations for enlarging the rabbit-pen, the boys one day required an auger, and they wished to send one of their number to borrow one of a carpenter who lived in the village. A boy named Darboner offered to go.

"No," replied one of the others, "you are not on the Free List, and can't go. Let Erskine go."

Erskine was a small boy; but he was so conscientious and faithful in all his duties, and so true to all his engagements, that he was always on the Free List. He was of a very accommodating disposition too, and was always willing to make himself useful in any way.

"I'll go," said he.

"Let me go!" said Kilby.

"But you are not on the Free List," said the other boys.

"No," said Kilby; "but that is only because I have not been here long enough. He will let me go, I know."

"Very well," said one of the boys, "you and Erskine can go together."

This plan was satisfactory to all concerned. So Erskine and Kilby went together to the teacher to ask permission to go into the village. They found the teacher in his study, writing letters. They went in and made known their wishes.

Erskine and Kilby go into the village.The frosted cakes at the confectioner's.

"*You* can go, Erskine, certainly," said the teacher, "for you are on the Free List, and I can trust you ; but how is it with Kilby ?"

"You have not decided about putting Kilby on the Free List yet," said Erskine, "but we thought that perhaps you would let him go."

"Very well," said the teacher ; "if you will be responsible for him, I will try him. I will let him go, and see how he conducts himself, and that will help me to form an opinion about putting him on the Free List."

So Erskine and Kilby went away together.

In going along the street of the village toward the carpenter's, the two boys passed a confectioner's shop. Kilby proposed to go in.

"No," said Erskine ; "for we must not buy any cakes."

"I am not going to buy any," said Kilby ; "I am only going to see what they have got."

"No," said Erskine, shaking his head, and hanging back.

Kilby then left Erskine and went into the shop himself, while Erskine remained at the door. Kilby talked with the woman that stood behind the counter a few minutes about some large frosted cakes that were there in a glass case, and then he came back to the door.

"Erskine," said he, "do you see those frosted cakes in that case ?"

"Yes," said Erskine.

"Well," rejoined Kilby, "I am going to have one in my room to-night."

"How can you get it there ?" asked Erskine.

Kilby forms a conspiracy with Noll.Directions given to Noll.

“I shall smuggle it in,” said Kilby.

Erskine shook his head and began to walk away. He was sorry to hear that Kilby had formed such a design; but he was himself so much smaller than Kilby, that he thought it was not proper for him to say any thing on the subject.

After going on a few steps farther, Kilby stopped suddenly, and looking across the street he exclaimed, “What good luck! there’s Noll!” Then, calling out aloud, he said, “Noll! come over here.”

Noll was rather an ill-looking boy. He was barefooted, and ragged, and very rough in his appearance; he had, moreover, a surly expression of countenance. His eye brightened up, however, when Kilby spoke to him, and he ran over across the street to the side where Kilby and Erskine were walking.

“Noll,” said Kilby, “I want you to do something for me.”

“What is it?” said Noll.

“And I’ll give you a shilling,” said Kilby.

“Agreed,” said Noll. “What is it? I’ll do it.”

Kilby took some money out of his pocket, and gave Noll half a dollar. He explained to Noll what he was to do as follows:

“Take this half dollar as soon as it is dark, and go to the confectioner’s, and bring me one of the frosted cakes. They are half a dollar apiece. Tell the woman to put it in a paper, and tie it up with a strong string. Then bring it round to the north wall of our grounds, by the big oak. I will be inside there at the time with my fishing-pole. I will fasten a piece of white paper to the hook, and then throw the hook over the wall. You will see the paper in the air, even if it is a little dark. Then you must take off the paper, and hook the cake on by the string. You must not

The whole plan arranged.How the cake was to be smuggled in.

“speak, for fear that somebody might hear. I shall know when you hook it on. The weight of it will make me feel the bite. Then I will lift up by means of the pole, and so heave the cake in over the wall. Then I will wrap up a shilling in another piece of paper, and hook the hook into it, and send it over to you in the same way.”

“Yes,” said Noll, “I’ll do it. What time shall I come?”

“At seven o’clock,” said Kilby, pointing up to the tower of the church, where there was a clock to tell the villagers the time. “I’ll throw the hook over just after the clock strikes seven.”

Erskine stood by, while the boys were concocting this plot, with an expression of great anxiety and concern in his countenance. He was very sorry that Kilby had formed such a scheme, but he did not know what he could do to prevent it.

“Now, Erskine,” said Kilby, after having thus arranged the affair with Noll, “we will go along and get the auger. If you help us manage about the cake, I will give you some of it; but if you tell of me, I’ll take one of your ears off, close to your head, just as sure as you are alive.”

That evening, a little before seven, Kilby beckoned to Erskine, who was playing at that time with the other boys on the green near the house, saying, “Come, Erskine, come with me.”

“No,” said Erskine, shaking his head.

“Yes,” said Kilby, “come a minute. I want to speak to you. I’ve got something very particular to say.”

So Erskine went with Kilby, who, putting his arm round his neck, in a very confidential manner, led him off through paths, and alleys, and winding ways, among masses of trees and shrubbery,

Kilby sets Erskine to watch.Erskine's distress and perplexity.

toward that part of the grounds where the big oak stood by the wall, and when he had got pretty near the place, he said,

"All I want of you is that you should stand here and watch, for fear somebody might come."

"No," said Erskine, "I would rather not do any thing about it."

"But I don't wish you to *do* any thing," said Kilby. "You have only to stay here five minutes. I'll be back in that time."

So Kilby drew out his fishing-pole from under some currant-bushes where he had hid it, and went away, leaving Erskine greatly perplexed and in great trouble. The poor boy did not know what to do.

He had been waiting but a few minutes before he saw the teacher coming along by the margin of the grove, quite near him. Erskine was now more anxious than ever. He was truly desirous to do his duty, but he was terrified at Kilby's threat that he would cut one of his ears off if he told of him. This threat made Erskine very much afraid. It is true, he did not believe that Kilby would really cut his ear off, but he thought he would do something or other very terrible, and he was very much afraid.

By this time, the teacher came up near to the place where Erskine was standing.

"Well, Erskine," said he, "you don't seem to have any thing to do; are you waiting for any body here?"

"No, sir," said Erskine.

The moment that these words had slipped from Erskine's mouth, he felt a doubt whether what he said was true or false. But he had not time to think of this question, for immediately afterward, the teacher, getting a glimpse of Kilby through the trees,

The result of the plot.Kilby secures his cake and carries it to his room.

and of his fishing-pole projecting over the wall, asked again, in a low tone, pointing, at the same time, in that direction,

“What is that boy doing out there? Do you know?”

“No, sir,” said Erskine, greatly alarmed.

The teacher immediately left Erskine and walked rapidly toward the oak. Kilby heard him coming just at the moment when he was bringing the cake safely over the wall. He instantly thrust the pole in under the grass at the foot of the wall, so as to conceal it from view, and began to walk off rapidly down a pathway that led into a little thicket, holding the cake, all the time, in such a manner as to interpose his body between it and the teacher. The teacher perceived at once that something wrong was on foot, so he followed on. Kilby, perceiving that he was pursued, put the cake very adroitly in a crevice in a rock, at a moment when he was concealed from the teacher's view, in turning a sharp curve in the path. He then went on without it. He supposed that his movement had escaped the teacher's eye, but it had not. The teacher stopped, himself, for a moment as he passed the crevice, and put his hand in to feel of the parcel. He satisfied himself, by the feeling of it, that it was a cake.

He did not pursue Kilby any farther, but soon turned off into another path, and went back to the house.

That night, after the boys had all gone to bed, Kilby crept down out of his window, went to the rock where he had secreted the cake, found it all safe there where he had deposited it, and carried it, with a feeling of guilty triumph, to his room.

Some remarks on the comparative guilt of Erskine and Kilby.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STORY OF THE FROSTED CAKE.

II.

PENITENCE.

THE account of Kilby's smuggling in the frosted cake, as related in the last chapter, was given to you to show the difference in criminality between wrong doings that are deliberately and purposely planned beforehand, and those unpremeditated offenses to which a person is betrayed by some sudden impulse, or under the excitement of some unexpected emergency of danger. Both Kilby and Erskine acted wrong. Kilby violated a rule of the school; Erskine told a falsehood. He said that he did not know what that boy was doing, when he did know. Looking at the subject theoretically, as the philosophers say, we should probably consider it a greater sin to tell a falsehood than to break a rule of a school. And yet, in this case, Kilby was doubtless far more guilty than Erskine. His sin was deliberate, premeditated; he resolved upon it, and planned it beforehand, under the influence of a selfish and insubmissive spirit. He was not led away by any sudden temptation. It is true that, when he passed by the confectioner's shop, and saw the cakes there, the spectacle acted upon him as a temptation; but then he had determined coolly to smuggle some cake in, before he saw any at the confectioner's. You recollect that he told the boys that he would have as much cake as he liked, notwithstanding the rule of the school, and that he would smuggle it

Suggestion to parents.

Faults committed by surprise.

Peter.

in. He determined, thus, on committing the sin beforehand, in a very cool and deliberate manner, so that the sight of the cake was not a fresh and sudden temptation; it only furnished him with an occasion for carrying into effect a wicked intention that he had fully formed before.

In a word, Erskine's fault was a sudden yielding to the influence of excitement and fear, while that of Kilby was the acting out of a wicked spirit of mind. Erskine's fault was like that of Peter; Kilby's was more like that of Judas.

Children are very often surprised thus into sudden faults, and especially falsehood; and I think that, in all such cases, they ought to be dealt with in a very gentle manner, and not with any harshness or severity. The parent or the teacher ought very carefully to inquire into the circumstances of the case when faults are committed, and if it appears that the fault was the effect of some sudden surprise, it should be dealt with in a much more lenient manner than if it were the result of a deliberate and predetermined plan.

There is one striking difference usually to be observed between those who commit faults from sudden impulse or surprise, and those who sin deliberately and on purpose. The former are much more frequently sorry for what they have done, and are more ready to confess it. Peter was surprised into the commission of his sin. As soon as he had committed it, he was sorry for it; and when he heard the cock crow, he went out and wept bitterly. He would have confessed his fault, no doubt, and would have asked forgiveness, if he had had any opportunity to speak to Jesus on the subject; Judas felt no penitence. He suffered, it is true, a horrible

Feelings of children that fall into sin in consequence of some sudden temptation.

remorse, which led him to go and hang himself. Remorse is something very different from penitence. Penitence leads a sinner to weep for his sins, and ask forgiveness of God whom he has offended. Remorse makes him wretched and afraid, and when it is extreme, it prompts him to kill himself. Thus penitence draws him toward God. Remorse drives him farther and farther away from him.

So a child, if he has said or done any thing wrong, and is penitent for it, keeps near to his father or his mother, and is not happy until he has confessed his fault, and asked to be forgiven. If he is not penitent, and feels only remorse, he is afraid to see his father or his mother, and keeps as far away from them as possible.

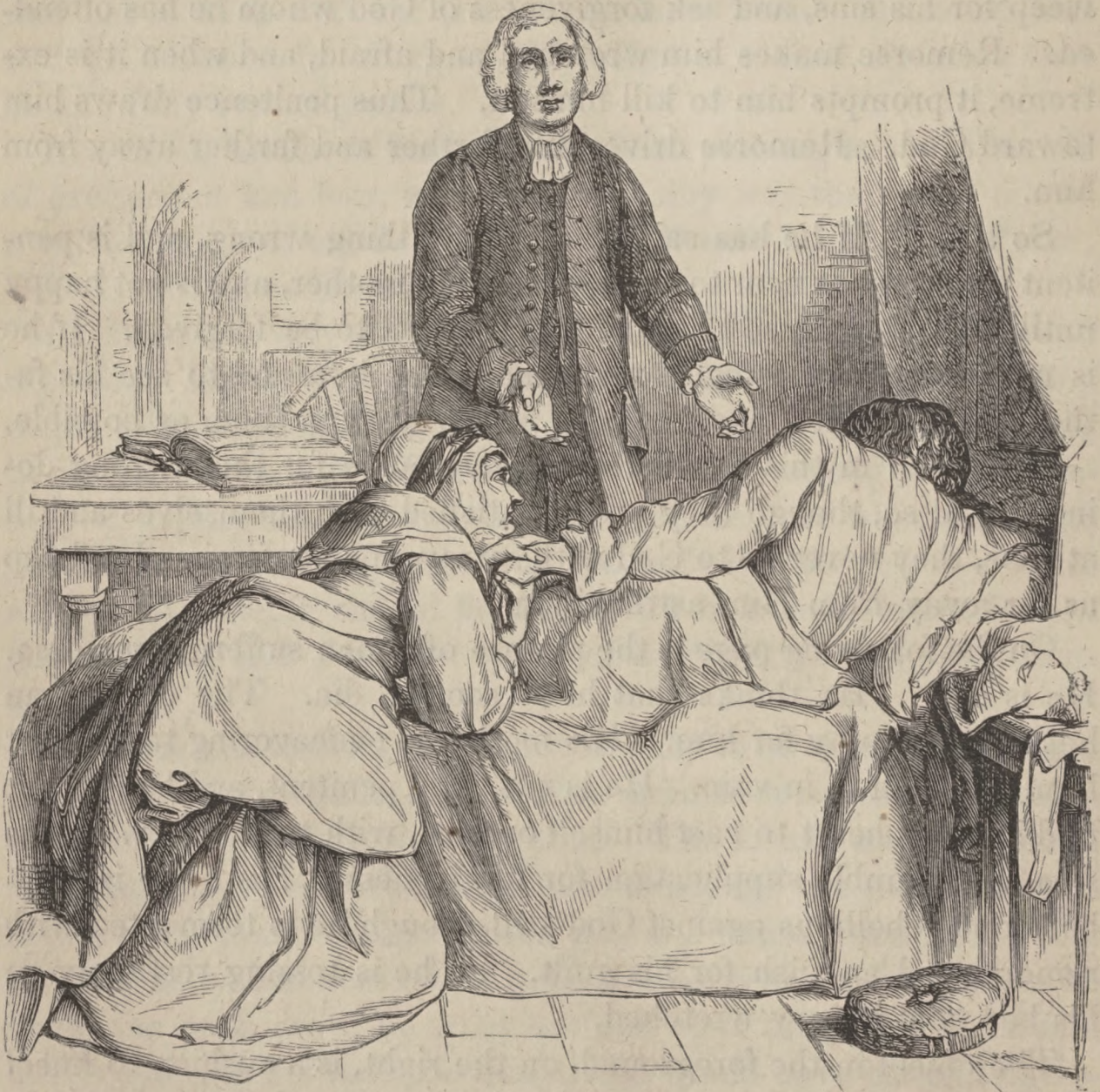
Most men in this world feel only remorse for their wrong doings; and so, though they are dissatisfied with themselves and ill at ease, they never go to God with sorrow and confession, but keep as far away from Him as they can.

On the following page is the picture of a man suffering remorse. He is sick. He thinks that he is soon to die. The clergyman has come to pray for him. His mother is endeavoring to comfort him. But all is in vain. He is not truly penitent, and he can not find it in his heart to cast himself on God, with true sorrow for his sins, and humble supplication for forgiveness. His heart is stubborn and rebellious against God still, though he is tormented with remorse and anguish for his guilt. So he is tossing restlessly on his bed, and is very wretched.

The object in the foreground, on the right, is a cushion to kneel upon. The book on the table in the background, to the left, is a Bible. The clergyman has been reading from it. In former times,

The dying man suffering from remorse.

clergymen were accustomed to wear wigs, and to be dressed in other respects as is represented in the engraving.



REMORSE.

Erskine, to return to our story, was very sorry for the falsehood

Erskine desires to see the teacher and to confess his fault.

which he had told, the moment he had told it; and the sorrow which he felt was penitence, not mere remorse, and so it led him to *seek* the teacher, and not to shun him. He would have liked to have followed him and to have confessed his fault at once, but he was afraid that if he went forward to the oak while the teacher was there inquiring into Kilby's proceedings, it might be an intrusion. So he walked slowly toward the house, resolving to wait by a small gate which he knew the teacher would pass through, and speak to him there.

He did so. When the teacher came to the gate, he found Erskine there. He did not see him at first, it was so dark. Presently, however, he observed him, and said,

"Why, Erskine, is this you?"

"Yes, sir," said Erskine.

Erskine answered in a very trembling voice, and the teacher perceived that he was in some trouble.

The teacher put out his hand to take Erskine's hand, saying, at the same time,

"Come, walk along with me, and tell me what is the matter."

Erskine took hold of the teacher's hand, and they walked along together.

"Well, Erskine," said the teacher, "something seems to trouble you—what is it?"

"I told you I did not know what that boy was doing," said Erskine, timidly.

"Well," said the teacher.

"And it was not true," said Erskine

Conversation between Erskine and the teacher.

"You did know, then," said the teacher.

"Yes, sir," said Erskine.

"What was he doing?" asked the teacher.

For a minute Erskine did not answer. He walked along in silence. Presently he said, in a very faint, uncertain tone,

"I would rather not tell you, sir, if I could help it."

The teacher was silent now, in his turn, for a minute or two, and then said,

"Are you willing to tell me what boy it was?"

"Don't you know who it was, sir?" asked Erskine, looking up inquiringly.

"No," said the teacher; "I did not go near enough to see him. Would you rather not tell me?"

"Yes, sir, I would *rather* not," said Erskine.

There are two ways of saying I would rather not, which have very different meanings. There is a way of making the words convey the idea of an absolute refusal. In this case, you emphasize the *not*, and with a downward inflection, and speak in a decided tone, as if what you said settled the question.

I would rather *not*.

On the other hand, by emphasizing the word *rather*, and speaking doubtfully, with a rising inflection at the end, you only express your wish to be excused, thus:

I would *rather* not.

Erskine pronounced the words in this last manner.

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because he won't like it," replied Erskine.

Boys at school, and even older students in colleges, never like

The teacher speaks kindly to Erskine.

Good effects of kindness.

An illustration.

to be witnesses against their companions. I don't blame them for this reluctance, though many persons do.

The teacher hesitated a moment, and then said,

"Well, Erskine, I am very sorry that you told a falsehood. But then the temptation came upon you very suddenly. You were surprised into it. I am sure that if you had had time to think, you would never say a word that was untrue."

Here little Erskine burst into tears.

The truth is, that when any body has done wrong, if you sympathize with them in their trouble, and even take their part a little, and try not to make the case any worse than it is, you are much more likely to soften them and make them penitent, than if you chide and reproach them in a stern and indignant manner. I knew a case of a drunken man that illustrates this very well. He was staggering along the street, trying to get home. He jostled against a gentleman as he passed, and the gentleman turned to him and said,

"Keep out of the way, you drunken wretch, and go off about your business."

The drunken man was terribly enraged at these words. He declared that he was no more drunk than the gentleman himself, and went away cursing dreadfully, and resolving in his own mind that he would drink just as much as he pleased every time he had a chance.

He went on for one or two squares, until he had in some measure forgotten this incident, passing, in the mean time, a great many men who took no notice of him, until at length he stopped to rest himself a moment, and stood clinging to the railings for support.

The drunken man treated kindly by a boy.Return to Erskine.

Here a kind-hearted boy, about fifteen years old, saw him as he passed.

"My friend," said the boy, "I wish I could help you. You have got a little excited, I see, and I am very sorry. Can you get home alone, do you think?"

"Thank you, sir," said the man. "Yes, sir, I have taken a little too much, I confess; but I can go home very well. Thank you, sir. I am very much obliged to you, sir. I don't do it very often—I truly don't, sir, I assure you, sir."

"No," said the boy, "I am sure you do not. You look like a respectable man. I am sure you don't allow yourself to get overcome very often, and I hope you never will again. Good-by, sir."

So the boy went on, the man repeating, again and again, as he went away, "Thank you, sir. I'm very much obliged to you, sir," and resolving in his mind that if he could once reach home, and get over this trouble, he would never drink any thing more as long as he lived.

That's the right way to treat people who have involved themselves in difficulty by doing wrong.

But we are forgetting all about Erskine. The teacher walked along toward the house with him, talking to him all the time in a very gentle and soothing manner, until just before they reached the piazza, when some one came out and told the teacher that there was a boy at the front gate who wished to speak to him.

"Do you know who it is?" asked the teacher.

"No, sir," said the messenger. "He is a pretty rough-looking boy. I never saw him before."

Noll knocks at the teacher's door.

Why he did so.

His fears.

Who does the reader imagine that this boy might be ?

It was Noll.

The way it happened that he came to the door, and asked to see the teacher, was this. When he had hooked the cake upon the fish-hook, and had seen it go up safely over the wall, he confidently expected that, after a very short interval, he should see the line coming back again, with a paper at the end of it containing the shilling that Kilby had promised him. Instead of this, however, he almost immediately heard the footsteps of Kilby as he ran away from the place. Now Noll, who, being on the outside of the wall, could not see what was taking place in the yard, and could only judge from the sounds that he heard, did not know that Kilby was running to escape from the teacher, but supposed that he had gone away to avoid paying the shilling.

“He’s gone off, I verily believe,” said he.

Noll stood, as he said this, with his ear turned toward the wall, and listened, with a look of the most earnest expectation.

“He’s gone off,” said he, “really and truly. He means to cheat me out of my shilling. I’ll fix him.”

So saying, he turned away from the wall and went out toward the road, intending to go at once and inform the teacher of the school of the misdemeanor which Kilby had been guilty of. He thought that there was some danger in doing this, as he feared that, unless he took good care, the teacher might seize and punish him—that is, Noll—as an accomplice. He felt, however, so strong a feeling of resentment against Kilby that he resolved to take the risk.

So he went to the gate and knocked, and a messenger went to call the teacher.

He tells his story and immediately runs away.

The two rooms.

The teacher, when he came to the door, looked a moment at Noll, who kept all the time outside the gate.

“Well, my boy,” said the teacher, “did you wish to speak to me?”

“Yes,” said Noll. “Your boy Kilby has been a smuggling in a big cake, with a fishing-pole, over the wall.”

Noll was getting all ready for a start while he was speaking, and the moment that the words were out of his mouth, he set off and ran down the road at the top of his speed, looking back now and then over his shoulder, with a frightened air, to see if the teacher was following him.

The teacher smiled, and, turning round, went into the house.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE STORY OF THE FROSTED CAKE.

III.

REMORSE.

THE rooms which Erskine and Kilby occupied at the school were near together. There was only a partition between them. At half past nine o'clock that evening, these two apartments presented quite a strong contrast, however, in respect to the state of mind of the two occupants, and the kind of happiness which they were respectively enjoying.

Erskine kneeled down upon a little green cushion which his mother had made him for the purpose, and prayed to God to for-

Erskine goes to bed comforted and happy.Kilby gets his cake.

give him all his sins, and to watch over him while he slept during the night. He prayed especially to be forgiven for the sin which he had committed that day, and asked this forgiveness particularly for the sake of Jesus Christ, who had died on the cross on purpose to redeem his soul from just such sins. When his prayer was ended, he rose from his knees full of comfort and happiness.

He got into bed, covered himself up with the clothes, found a nice soft place for his head in the middle of the pillow, and then, gazing upward, he amused himself for a time in fancying and making out the shapes of giants and dwarfs, and of castles and towers, in the lines made by the seams of the ceiling. At length he went to sleep.

Kilby, on the other hand, in *his* room, was untying and opening his cake. He was in an ecstasy of exultation and triumph. "I told them I would have just as much cake as I liked," said he to himself, as the white top of the cake came in view, "and now they'll know I will. I've a great mind to go and call some of the boys up to come and eat it with me."

On more mature reflection, however, he concluded not to do this, so he began to eat the cake alone. His feeling of exultation soon began to be mingled with one of guilt and shame, for something whispered to him that it was ungrateful and dishonorable thus to betray the confidence reposed in him by the teacher in allowing him to go to the village before he had got upon the Free List, and also that, in thus attempting to evade regulations made only for the purpose of making him grow strong and healthy, and hastening the time when he should be a man, he was guilty of childish

Kilby attempts to eat his cake.

The guilty feeling.

Effect of darkness upon it.

and ridiculous folly. These whisperings, however, Kilby tried not to listen to, and went on eating his cake as fast as possible.

Whenever he heard any slight noise about the house, he was always greatly alarmed, and he hurried his cake, on such occasions, out of sight as quickly as possible. He feared that the teacher, or some of the family, might by some chance come into his room. At length, after he had eaten about half the cake, he heard steps coming up stairs. This frightened him exceedingly. He wrapped up the remainder of the cake in the paper, crammed it suddenly up into the throat of the chimney, as the readiest and safest place that he could think of to hide it in, and then began undressing himself as fast as he could. He blew out his light, also, fearing that the people might see it through the key-hole or the crack of the door.

As soon as he found himself in the dark, he was more afraid than ever. He wished that he had not extinguished the light. It would have been better, he thought, to have taken the risk of its shining through the key-hole.

It is a very curious circumstance that the *guilty feeling*, one of the most painful and distressing feelings which a man can have, is always greatly increased in power, and made much more distressing and painful, by darkness, and also by danger. Hence children who have done any thing wrong through the day are particularly afraid to be left alone in the dark at night.

It was a long time before Kilby went to sleep.

The first thing that he was conscious of when he woke in the morning was a gloomy feeling of guilt and remorse, that rolled in over his soul like a dark cloud that is drifted by the wind into a

Kilby's feelings in the morning.In the afternoon he is missing.

glen among the mountains. It seems, in fact, almost as if Remorse always stands by its victims, and watches them while they are sleeping, ready to seize their souls the instant they awake, so sudden and overwhelming is the sense of guilt, and the sinking of the soul, in such cases, when consciousness first returns in the morning. Kilby felt very badly indeed.

He rose and dressed himself, but was afraid to go down stairs. The teacher might possibly have found him out. At last, however, he went down. The teacher accosted him just as usual, in a kind and friendly manner. So Kilby thought that all was safe.

Things went on much as usual during the day, but in the afternoon Kilby did not come to the school-room. After a time, the teacher sent one of the boys to find him.

The boy came back in about a quarter of an hour, and said "that he had looked every where, and could not find him."

"Have you been up into his room?" asked the teacher.

"No, sir," said the boy.

"Well, go there, please," said the teacher. "It is possible that he may be there."

The boy came back in a few minutes, and said "that Kilby *was* in his room, and that he was sick."

"Poor boy!" said the teacher. "I am very sorry for him. I'll go and see him."

So the teacher went up into the chamber. He found Kilby lying on the bed, his face flushed, and his head aching.

The teacher came to the bed where Kilby was lying, and took hold of his wrist to feel for his pulse, saying, at the same time,

"I am sorry that you are sick."

Kilby is sick.

He pretends to be surprised.

Over-acting.

Then, after counting the pulse a few seconds, he said,
"Your pulse is pretty quick. Let me see your tongue."

So Kilby put out his tongue.

"Yes," said the teacher, "it is considerably furred. Your head aches, I suppose."

"Yes, sir," said Kilby.

"I am very sorry," said the teacher. "I will go down and see if I can get something for you to take. I suppose it is the cake that you ate."

"What cake!" exclaimed Kilby, starting up, and feigning to look very much surprised. In fact, he over-acted the part. He looked *too* much surprised.

"Lie down," said the teacher, speaking, however, in a gentle tone of voice; "lie down, and keep quiet. I know all about the cake. I shall have something to say about it when you get well, but now you must lie still and keep quiet."

So Kilby sank back again upon his pillow, shut his eyes, and turned very pale.

"I don't know what you mean," said Kilby, faintly.

"I don't like to talk with you about it now," said the teacher, "for fear that you might be tempted to say something which is not true, and then afterward you would be very sorry. Say nothing now, but shut your eyes, and try to go to sleep."

The teacher and his wife took excellent care of Kilby during the day, and they found that in the evening he was a great deal better—that is, he was better in health, but he grew more and more uneasy in mind. The next morning, when the other boys assembled at breakfast, he did not come.

Kilby disappears entirely.

The inscription on the floor.

Hobart.

"Boys," said the teacher, "do any of you know how Kilby is this morning?"

"No, sir," said the boys.

"George, go up into his room, please," added the teacher, "and see how he is."

George went up to the chamber, but he almost immediately returned, and said, looking at the teacher with eyes very large and round,

"Please, sir, Kilby's run off!"

"Run off!" said the teacher.

"Yes, sir," said George, "I suppose he has. He is not there."

"And what makes you think that he has run off?" said the teacher.

"Because it's chalked on the floor," replied George.

"What's chalked on the floor?" asked the teacher.

"Why, sir, he has written on the floor that he has gone home."

"Let us go and see!" said the teacher.

So saying, the teacher, followed by all the boys, went up into Kilby's room. They found every thing as usual there, except that the words "*I've gone home*" were written rudely with chalk on the floor. The floor being painted blue, chalk marks upon it were very visible.

"Yes," said the teacher, "I suppose he has gone home."

"How far is it?" asked one of the boys.

"About ten or fifteen miles," said the teacher.

Then, after a moment's pause, the teacher said,

"Which of the boys is Kilby's greatest friend?"

"Hobart is," answered several of the boys.

Two boys sent in pursuit of Kilby.

"Hobart!" said the teacher, turning to Hobart, who was standing at this time behind the other boys, near the door. Hobart kept in the background, because he knew all about Kilby's going away, and he was afraid that he might be questioned about it.

"Should you be willing," asked the teacher, "to take the horse and wagon, and go down the road, and see if you can overtake Kilby?"

"Why, I don't know, sir," said Hobart, doubtfully.

He was thinking whether, in case he should overtake Kilby, the teacher meant that he should bring him back.

"And if you find him," continued the teacher, "you can carry him the rest of the way home in the wagon."

"Yes, sir," said Hobart, eagerly, "I should like to go very much."

"Are you on the Free List?" asked the teacher.

"No, sir," said Hobart, hanging his head.

"That's a difficulty," rejoined the teacher, pausing to reflect. "And yet I would rather that you would go than any other boy, because, if he sees you coming, he will know that you are his friend, and so will not be afraid. If he were to see me coming in the wagon, I suppose he would go and hide in the bushes. I am just as much his friend, in fact, as you are, but he does not know that."

"I'll tell you what we will do," continued the teacher; "you may choose some Free List boy to go with you; in that way I will let you go."

So Hobart chose a Free List boy, and they two, immediately after breakfast, harnessed the wagon, and drove up to the door to

Their parting instructions.The boys find Kilby on the road.

receive their parting instructions. After giving them all necessary directions, the teacher let them go.

"And say to Kilby," he added, just as the wagon was leaving the door, "that Erskine did not tell me any thing about his smuggling in the cake. It was Noll that told me. I asked Erskine about it, and when I found that he was very unwilling to give me any information, I excused him. Be sure and not forget to tell Kilby this."

"No, sir," said Hobart, "we will remember."

So the boys set off on their journey in pursuit of the fugitive.

They overtook Kilby about five miles from the school. He was sitting on a stone by the side of the road, very tired. He was extremely glad to see the boys in the wagon, and when they told him that they had been sent by the teacher to carry him the rest of the way home, he was very much astonished, though exceedingly pleased.

"I should have thought," said Kilby, "that he would have sent you to bring me back."

"No," said Hobart, "he does not wish that you should come back. There is another boy going to take your place. His father applied a week ago, but there was no vacancy, and the teacher is writing to him to-day that he may come."

"Well," replied Kilby, "I don't care. I am going to make my mother let me go to a school where they are not so strict. I hate schools where they are strict."

Kilby's mother, after he got home, made inquiry for such a school as would suit her son's ideas. It was long before she found one. In the mean time, the unfortunate boy spent his time in

Kilby reduced to great straits for amusement.

idling about the streets, discontented and unhappy. In this engraving we see him leaning against a tree, in the middle of the



KILBY.

What became of the cake that was hidden in the chimney.Two questions to consider.

forenoon, endeavoring to devise some amusement to while away the tedious hours, in seeing a painter paint a fence. What finally became of him I never knew.

All that is necessary now, to finish this story, is to say, that in the course of the summer and fall, the mice and the chimney-swallows ate the whole of the great piece of cake which Kilby had stuffed into the chimney. The paper, of course, as it could be of no use to them, they left there. This paper remained thus undisturbed till the middle of the winter, when the boy who occupied that room being confined there by a sprain which he got in falling from a shed, where he had been climbing up contrary to rule, they made a fire for him in the fire-place, and the paper took fire in the throat of the chimney. It burned up without doing any harm, though for a few minutes it made a very frightful roaring.

And now there are two questions to be considered :

1. Would it be safe and pleasant for the rest who might be there to have such a boy as Kilby in heaven ?
2. Would it be safe and pleasant for the rest who might be there to have such a boy as Erskine in heaven ?

Smugglers.

Their huts.

Artifices for concealing them.

CHAPTER XIV.

SMUGGLERS.

KILBY very properly designated his mode of getting his cake in secretly over the wall, in a manner contrary to law, as smuggling. It *was* a kind of smuggling.

Smugglers, in the ordinary meaning of the term, are men who attempt to make money dishonestly by avoiding the payment of what are called *duties*. A duty, in this sense, is a kind of tax.



THE SMUGGLERS' HUTS.

Here is a picture of the huts of a gang of smugglers, in a wild and rocky, and very solitary place on the coast of England. The huts are built in such a manner as to appear as much as possible like the rocks around them. There is scarcely any thing but the smoke coming from the chimneys to denote that they are human habitations at all. The smugglers never allow the smoke to issue

Nature of the kind of tax called duties.

from their chimneys during the day time, lest it should betray them. It is now night, however—a winter night. There is snow upon the ground, and the moon is shining from behind the clouds, over the distant sea. That sea is the English Channel, lying between England and France. It is quite wide—so wide that, in most parts of it, we can not see the land from one side to the other.

It may seem strange that there should be any way by which men can escape the payment of any sort of tax by living in such huts as these, in the dead of winter. This, however, will be easily understood, after a little explanation in respect to the nature of the kind of taxes called *duties*. There are a great many different ways which governments have of collecting taxes. Among other ways, one is this. They make laws that merchandise, especially certain kinds of merchandise, when it is brought into the country, shall be examined, and a tax shall be paid upon it by the merchant who imports it. He does not himself finally lose the money which he pays in this way, for he adds this tax to the price of the merchandise when he sells it to his customers. For instance, if he imports a hundred yards of cloth, and the tax or duty upon it is ten dollars, he pays the ten dollars, and then apports the amount, and adds it to the price of the cloth. It makes ten cents a yard; and so he sells the cloth at ten cents a yard higher than he would have sold it had it not been for the duty.

Thus his customers, when they pay for the cloth, pay their several portions of the tax at the same time. They pay the tax without knowing it. And, as almost every body buys imported merchandise of one kind or another, the tax comes to be very generally distributed throughout the community.

Arrangements made by government for collecting the tax.

It is right that governments should collect taxes, for there are a great many things to be done by them for the benefit of the public which cost money, and the money must be raised from the people in some way or other. And whatever the way may be that is decided upon by the law of the land, as the way of raising this money, every good citizen ought to submit to it, so long as it stands as the law, and pay his portion of it readily.

The way that the government collects the duties on merchandise is this. They specify all the ports and harbors where ships may come in with merchandise, and at each of these ports they have a large building called the custom-house. Whenever a ship comes into port, the captain must send to the custom-house a written account of all the merchandise in his ship. This account is called a *manifest*. It is so called because it makes manifest or plain what there is on board the ship. At the custom-house there are a great many men called custom-house officers, with desks, and cases for papers, and all the necessary conveniences for transacting business. Some of these officers receive the manifest from the captain. Others make copies of it in great record-books kept for the purpose. Others calculate what the duties amount to, according to the law, on the various kinds of merchandise which are specified on the manifest. Others make out bills of the duties in the names of the various merchants who own the goods; and, finally, others receive the money which the merchants pay when they come to settle their accounts. As fast as the merchants pay the duties of their own particular parcels of goods, they receive *permits*, as they are called. These permits are certificates, giving them leave to land the goods. They are printed forms, with blanks left to be

Custom-house officers.

Revenue cutters.

Firing.

filled up with writing ; and without one of them no goods can be taken out of the ship.

There are custom-house officers, who go on board the ships as soon as they come in, in order to see that nothing is landed without a permit.

In fact, there are custom-house officers who go out in small vessels, about the mouths of the ports and harbors, and along the coasts of the country, to prevent any merchant vessels coming in, small or great, without their knowledge. These custom-house vessels, though small, are very beautifully built, and are made to sail very fast. They are called *revenue cutters*. They are armed with guns, so that they can fire at any vessel or boat which they suspect is coming in secretly with forbidden goods on board, or without intending to pay duty. They first make a signal for such vessels to stop, that they may come and examine them, and if they will not stop, they fire into them. In this case, the balls that they fire, which are generally about as large as an orange, go whistling along over the water, and through the rigging of the vessel which they wish to stop. The vessel then generally stops at once, as soon as one ball is fired, for the people on board think that, if they do not stop, the next ball will come tearing through the side of the vessel, and kill some of them. In fact, they almost always stop when they see the revenue cutter coming toward them and making signals.

There are revenue cutters like these in all the coasts and harbors of England, and in all the harbors of the United States. People sailing in and out of Boston or New York harbor in steam-boats often point them out to each other. In fact, if they

Honest merchants are willing to pay the duties.

see a long, slender, and beautiful vessel, with port-holes for guns in her sides, sailing swiftly about the harbor, or lying gracefully at anchor, they say, "That must be a revenue cutter."

Thus, by this system, the government makes careful provision for collecting the duties on all the merchandise that is brought into the country, if it is merchandise that is required to pay duty according to law. And every honest merchant, being willing to pay the duty, brings his merchandise into the regular ports, and allows it to be all properly entered on the manifest that goes to the custom-house. But there are men who are continually endeavoring to bring in their goods without paying the duty, so as to defraud the government of what is due to them. This is what is called smuggling.* One way of doing this in England is by bringing the goods over from France in small vessels, and then running these vessels into little creeks and bays in wild and unfrequented places along the shore.

In fact, the more wild, rocky, and dangerous the coast is, the more suitable it is for their purpose; for such places are not so closely watched by the revenue cutters. The smugglers accordingly choose the most dangerous and inaccessible places along the coast that they can find, where lofty cliffs tower precipitously above the sea, while the breakers that roll in from the offing foam and roar against the rocks below, and where there is no living

* From this the word has become extended in meaning, so as to denote the bringing in of articles of any kind to any place contrary to law. Thus, in the school described in the last three chapters, it was against the law for the scholars to bring cake within the walls, and so Kilby's bringing it in in that stealthy manner was a species of smuggling.

Picture of a wild and solitary shore.The surf.

thing, except the sea-birds that are here and there seen standing perched upon the rocks, or sailing in vast flocks through the air,



DANGEROUS COASTS.

to watch their proceedings. The smugglers come in upon these dangerous coasts in the night, or in the midst of fogs and storms. They land their contraband cargoes on the rocks, and store the

Description of the smugglers' vessel leaving France.

goods in dens and caves, or in huts which they build for the purpose, like those in the engraving at the beginning of this story ; and then, finally, they convey them stealthily into the interior of the country, from time to time, by means of a great variety of artifices.

On the opposite page is a picture of one of the smugglers' vessels at the time it is leaving the coast of France to cross the Channel. The vessel lies in a bay, where it has been anchored for several days to receive its cargo. The cargo is on board, the sail is hoisted, and all is ready for the voyage. The boat which has taken out the cargo to the vessel from the shore is just coming back, having put on board the last load. The smugglers are in the vessel, one of them being at the helm to steer. They take their departure openly and without fear from the coast of France, as there are no officers there to intercept them.

The bay from which they are going to sail is almost surrounded with land. On the right hand side of it is a pier, built high. Large vessels can come to this pier when the tide is up, and load and unload directly upon it. On a corner of the pier is a pole, with a barrel fastened to the top of it. This is for a signal to vessels coming into the bay, when there is a fog or a haze over the surface of the water, so that they can not see any thing that lies low. On the other side of the bay is a long point of low and level land, with several wind-mills upon it. Water-mills are better than wind-mills, for the water of running streams flows all the time, and always in the same direction ; but the wind is continually changing, and sometimes it ceases to blow altogether. Water-

Return of the vessel.

The wind-mills.

The pier.

mills are therefore better than wind-mills ; but on low and level lands, especially along the shores of the sea, where there are no rapidly running streams, there can be no water-mills, and so the people make wind-mills instead.



SETTING SAIL.

The smugglers proceed more and more cautiously with their vessels the nearer they draw to the English coast. They keep a very careful look-out, and, if they see a sail near the shore, they examine it well with their spy-glasses, to ascertain whether it is a revenue cutter. If it is a revenue cutter, they sail away in

The smugglers in their hut.Description of the room.

some other direction, or they furl their sails and lie at rest on the water, and pretend to be fishing. They sometimes plan their voyage so as to reach the English shore in the night, or they come when the sea is enveloped in fogs or agitated by storms. The best time for them is a dark and stormy winter night, when the revenue cutters are all at anchor in sheltered places near the shore, and the officers suppose that no smugglers would dare to attempt a landing.

If they succeed in getting their merchandise on shore, they hide it among the rocks, or store it in their huts, until they can make arrangements for sending it away. Some of their huts are mere cellars for putting the goods in. Others serve for houses. Here is a picture of the interior of one, in which a smuggler's family lives.



THE INTERIOR.

There is a fire in the fire-place, with a kettle hanging over it, in which the woman is cooking the supper. The smuggler is sitting

The wretched life that the smuggler leads.Revenue officer coming.

on a bench in the chimney corner. He has hurt his knee against the rocks in landing his cargo, and the woman is making a bandage to put around it. While she is doing this, he is telling her the story of the trip, and of the narrow escapes which he and his comrades had in eluding the vigilance of the revenue officers. The girl who holds the child in her arms is listening eagerly to the story.

The smuggler has taken off his boots, which were drenched with water, and has put them up before the fire to dry. The furniture of the hut is very plain and simple. There is but one chair. The woman sits upon a stool, and there is another stool, a three-legged one, standing against the wall. Over this stool a gridiron and a pair of bellows are hanging. By the side of them is a broom. The few dishes which they use are on a shelf above. A roller towel hangs upon the wall, on the left.

The abode of the smugglers is comfortless and wretched, and their lives are spent in anxiety, fear, and suffering. They still persist, however, in their course; for when a man has once entered upon a life of crime, it is very difficult for him to find any honest way of obtaining subsistence.

Besides the exposure, discomfort, and suffering that the smugglers endure, they live in constant danger and fear. The revenue officers are continually on the watch for them, both at sea and along the shore. There is one coming now on horseback in the engraving at the commencement of this chapter. He will probably see the smoke, and discover the caves, and he will soon return with a large force, and perhaps take all the smugglers prisoners.

No clear ideas of heaven attainable in this life.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BAD AND THE GOOD.

THE bad and the good live in this world together, and the bad often oppress and trouble the good. But it will not be so in heaven. There, none but the good can ever gain admission.

It is not possible for us, in this life, to have any clear and full conceptions of what heaven will be, or any thing else that shall take place in a future state. All that we can now understand *clearly* is what relates to the present state, for the present state is all that we have yet seen and known.

Suppose that a certain number of fishes, living in a lake, were going, at the end of their lives, to be turned into men, how impossible would it be for them, while they remained fishes, to form any idea of the change, since fishes can not possibly understand what it is to be a man. They might form some crude and general notions of land from their acquaintance with the bottom of the sea, but how little conception could they have of the life that man leads upon it, of the fields and groves that he walks in, of the houses that he builds, of his chairs, his tables, his beds, his books, and all the other possessions which he acquires. A fish must wait till he *is* a man before he can understand at all what it is *to be* a man.

A child must wait till he is in heaven before he can understand what it is to be in heaven.

Even the dog, an animal that sees and hears so much of what

A dog can not understand what it is to be a man.

man does, can not, while he remains a dog, form any real conception of what it is to be a man. The highest and best pleasures which a human being enjoys are such that the dog can have no idea of them. A boy, for instance, who works patiently for an hour in the evening at home on a difficult sum in his Arithmetic, when he finally comes to the end, and finds that he has got the answer right, experiences a very high and very peculiar emotion of pleasure. Now how impossible it is for a dog to understand any thing about such a pleasure as that. He can understand about such pleasures as hunting in the woods for foxes, and finding old bones to gnaw in a yard or behind a barn, and playing about the streets with other dogs, and other such canine enjoyments;* but what can he know of the pleasures of a successful computation—he who has not capacity enough to enable him to count two? A boy once taught a dog to go and bring him a nail when he wanted one, but he could never teach him to go and take out *two*—just two, and no more—from a heap, and bring *them*. The dog has no capacity at all for computation.

It is so with a great many other human pleasures. They are entirely foreign to the nature of the dog; and if any particular dog were going to be changed into a man, it would not be possible for him to have any clear idea of what he was coming to until he should actually come to it.

So no human being, whether child or man, can form any clear idea of what the future state will be until he enters it.

For this reason, Jesus Christ did not attempt to describe the

* Canine means that which relates to dogs. Thus canine sagacity means the sagacity of the dog. — It comes from an ancient word, *canis*, which meant a dog.

The similitude of the fisherman and his nets.

judgment and heaven directly and by themselves. He explained them by similitudes. He said that the bad and the good would be separated in another world, and he compared this division to various cases of separating good things from bad things in this. Thus we obtain some general idea of the fact itself, but that is all. Such general ideas are all that it is possible for us to have while we remain in the present state.

We ought to be glad rather than sorry that the glories and the joys of the heavenly state are such that we can not know them here. If they could be fully conceived of by us in our present state, it would prove that they were very little raised above the joys which we experience here. But it is not so. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the joys which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Jesus Christ represented the separation of the good from the bad at the judgment day by a great many different similitudes.

One of these similitudes was that of the fisherman sorting and separating his fish, when he gets the net to the shore.

On the opposite page is an engraving which represents the scene. The fishermen have been out on the lake in their boat, and have been fishing with a net. Of course a net, when it is drawn through the water, draws in all the fish that it meets with together, the large and the small, the good and the bad, indiscriminately.

These fishermen have drawn their net full of fish out of the water, and have placed them in a heap upon the shore, and are now looking over them, to select the good to keep, and the bad to

Picture of the fisherman sorting his fish.

throw away. They are putting the good in vessels, such as were customarily used for such purposes in ancient times. Only see what a large and fine one it is that the man is now putting in! He has to bend it to get it in at the mouth of the vessel. Some, on the contrary, are bad, and are rejected, and the other men are throwing them away. There go two of them through the air back into the lake again. They are good for nothing. I see some others in the heap lying on



SORTING THE FISHES.

the ground which I think must follow them.

Now you will understand the words of the parable.

“Again, the kingdom of heaven,” said Jesus, “is like unto a net that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind ;

“Which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away.

“So shall it be at the end of the world ; the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just,

“And shall cast them into the furnace of fire : there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.”

Another of the similitudes was that of weeds growing up in the midst of a field of wheat. A field of wheat, after the plants have

The weeds in the wheat field.

The gardener and the tree.

grown above a certain height, can not be weeded. If the farmer were to attempt to weed it, he would trample down the wheat in walking over it to find the weeds, or he would destroy it in pulling them up. So he lets both grow together until the time of harvest, when he reaps and gathers all, both wheat and weeds; and then, by sifting and winnowing, he gets out all the good grain, while all the useless and noxious seeds contained in it fall into a heap upon the ground. The good wheat is then put into the granary, while the weed seeds are burned, in order to prevent their ever growing and making weeds again.

In a manner somewhat like this God allows the bad and good to live together in this world, but, when the time for the great harvest of the world shall come, He will make a complete and final separation between them, and send the wicked away, where they never can do the good any more harm.

Another of the similitudes was that of the gardener sparing for a time a useless tree. When you plant an apple-seed in the ground, and it begins to grow into a tree, you can not tell, for a time, what sort of fruit it will bear. It grows higher and higher from year to year, and puts forth buds and branches, and becomes more and more a tree, but it brings forth no fruit until the full time of its bearing has come. Then it blossoms, and, when the blossoms fall, the fruit begins to form. But you can not tell what sort of fruit it will bear. The apples that form upon it may be large, and rosy, and sweet, or they may be small, and hard, and sour. It is even possible that it may bear no apples at all.

The gardener, therefore, when he plants a tree, waits to see what sort of fruit it will produce him. It may be a very bad tree,

A child is a tree in the garden of the Lord.

The picture.

but, while it is growing, it stands in the midst of the garden with all the good trees. The skies give it the same sun and the same rain, and the gardener bestows upon it the same culture. He hopes that it will bear good fruit.

Every child that is growing up to maturity is such a tree. God has planted the tree, and has provided for it all the proper culture, and he is now waiting to see what sort of fruit it will bear.

The gardener watches his tree. It may be a good one. He does not know yet. It may be a bad one. He does not know yet. He will know by its fruit. At length, when it comes to bear, its true character appears. If it does not bear at all, or begins to bear fruit that is not good, he does not condemn it at once. He waits to see if it can not be improved. He waits long, and tries

every possible means to save it. He carefully tills and enriches the ground around it; he prunes it, he grafts it, he makes every effort to save it, but, if all will not do, if its bad character proves hopeless and irremediable, he cuts it down, and burns it in the fire.

Here you see the gardener cutting down the useless tree. He has cut far into the trunk already, and the doom of the useless lumberer of the ground is sealed. The



FELLING THE TREE.

trunk will be cut up into logs for the winter fire, and the barren and withered branches will be trimmed off and burned on the ground

Jesus Christ went about doing good.

The child that died.

where they fall. In the distance we see the gardener's assistant stirring up the fire where the branches are burning that came from another such a tree.

Every child, whether young or old, who lives from day to day without doing good to others, is like this bad tree. He is a cumberer of the ground. He will be allowed to live for a time, to see if he can not be changed, and made to bear good fruit; but if it proves that he can not be so changed, he will surely be removed at last out of the way.

Jesus Christ set us all an excellent example of doing good. He did not seek his own happiness, but spent his whole time in relieving and benefiting others in every possible way. He relieved their sicknesses, and comforted them in their afflictions, and taught



COMPASSION.

them how to be good and happy. In this engraving we see him standing at the bedside of a young girl that had died. Her father and mother mourned and lamented her greatly. Jesus pitied them when he first heard of their sorrow, and his feeling of compassion for them was greatly increased when he came into the room, and looked upon the pale and lifeless countenance of the poor child, as she lay dead upon her bed, her

arms extended by her side, and her beautiful hands, white like marble, lying upon the covering. He took one of her hands in

The relatives mourning at her bedside.Doing good.

his, but it was cold and motionless. He pressed it, but it could not return the pressure. He heard the sobs of the father and the mother, who were overwhelmed with grief, and he pitied them greatly in their sorrows.

That is the father of the child who stands at the head of the bed, by the side of Jesus. He endeavors to appear calm and composed, you see, but his heart is nearly broken. The mother is behind, almost entirely concealed from view. She can not bear to look upon the face of her child. A sister, too, stands weeping by her mother, overwhelmed with grief at the loss of her nearest and dearest companion and friend.*

Jesus always pitied sorrows like these, and employed his divine power to relieve them. We should follow his example, and pity all the sorrows we see, whether small or great, always remembering that we evince the same spirit of love in endeavoring to relieve the smallest sorrows as when we remove the greatest. To comfort a little child who has lost a plaything by trying to find it for him, or by amusing his mind with something else if it can not be found, is a very different thing, it is true, from ending the affliction of a mother by restoring her dead daughter to life, but the spirit is in both cases the same.

* A full narrative of this case, with an account of what Jesus did, will be found in Luke viii., 41, 42, and 49-56. "Search the Scriptures."

Description of the picture.

The proprietor of the vineyard.

The scribe.

CHAPTER XVI.

PAYING THE LABORERS.

THE man who sits at the table, in this engraving, with his face toward us, is a rich proprietor who owned a vineyard. He is settling the accounts with his laborers at the close of the day.

The man who sits at the table with his back toward us is his clerk, or scribe. He keeps the account and pays the money. The money is in a bag on the table. Some of it is poured out, so as to be ready. The scribe listens to hear how much is to be paid to each man, and then writes it down in his account opposite to the man's name. He then counts out the money, pays it to the man to whom it is due, and marks it paid in his account, and the thing is done.

The man who is pointing is a laborer. He has worked all day in the vineyard, and now has come with the other laborers to obtain his money. But he is not quite satisfied with the sum which he is to receive. He thinks he deserves more.

The reason why he is dissatisfied is this: he had agreed to



SETTLING.

A penny a day.The reasoning of the proprietor.

work for a penny a day,* and now the employer is ready to pay him the penny, but he himself thinks that he ought to have more. Some other men, who did not work all the day, as he did, were paid a penny apiece; and so, since he worked more than they did, he thinks he ought to have more money than they. Those other men came in from time to time in the course of the day. They were promised that they should be paid what was right. Some of them did not earn more than half a penny, and others, perhaps, three quarters. The owner of the vineyard, however, finally concluded to pay them all alike. The man who is now talking to him is dissatisfied because he does not receive more than the rest.

The owner of the vineyard, however, tells him that, since he receives all that was promised to him, he has no reason to complain on account of others receiving more than was promised to them. The money all belonged to the owner of the vineyard, and he had a right to pay it as he thought best, provided he did not pay any man less than was his due.

Here is the story as Jesus himself related it :

“For the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard ;

“And when he had agreed with the laborers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard.

* This penny was not such a one as our penny. It was a silver coin, and the value of it was the amount ordinarily paid for a day's work in those ancient times. The money in the bag and on the table in the engraving consists of such pennies.

The Scripture narrative of the case.

“And he went out about the third hour, and saw others standing idle in the market-place,

“And said unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard ; and whatsoever is right, I will give you. And they went their way.

“Again he went out about the sixth and ninth hour, and did likewise.

“And about the eleventh hour he went out, and found others standing idle ; and he saith unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle ?

“They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard ; and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive.

“So, when even was come, the lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, Call the laborers, and give them their hire, beginning from the last unto the first.

“And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny.

“But when the first came, they supposed that they should have received more ; and they received every man a penny.

“And when they had received it, they murmured against the good man of the house,

“Saying, These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day.

“But he answered one of them and said, Friend, I do thee no wrong : didst thou not agree with me for a penny ?

“Take that thine is, and go thy way : I will give unto this last even as unto thee.

What Jesus meant to teach by this parable.Jane and Lucy visit Madam Marion.

“Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? is thine eye evil because I am good?”

“So the last shall be first, and the first last; for many be called, but few chosen.”

Jesus designed to teach by this parable that the happiness which God bestows in heaven on those who love and serve him, and cherish the spirit of heaven in their hearts here, is not of the nature of a payment for what they do, but is his free gift to them—the fruit of his unmerited kindness and love.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GROUND-SPARROW'S NEST.

ONE pleasant afternoon in summer, two young ladies went to visit Madam Marion. Madam Marion had a niece at her house at that time whose name was Anne. Anne lived in a village, and there was a beautiful garden, filled with fruits and flowers, behind her father's house. She used to like to walk in this garden very much when she was at home, and when she was at her Aunt Marion's, she used to like very much to walk in *her* gardens.

A little before sunset on the day of the visit, one of the three young ladies proposed that they should go out and take a walk.

“Not quite yet,” said one of the others, whose name was Lucy. “Let us wait till the sun gets down a little lower.”

“Oh no,” said Jane, “let us go now.” Jane was the one who had first proposed the walk.

The sparrows in the garden.

The fence.

Gate in the grove.

"Yes," said Anne, "let us go now, and I will lend you my sun-shade, Lucy."

"Well," said Lucy, "I will go now, if you will lend me your sun-shade."

So the young ladies went out into one of the gardens, and walked down the broad alley of it very happily together.

When they were about half way down the alley, they saw a little bird hopping along upon the gravel before them. Very soon this bird was joined by another one. The two birds hopped about among the beds and borders a few minutes together, and then flew off over the fence at the bottom of the garden.

"What cunning little birds!" said Lucy. "I am sorry that they flew away."

"They are sparrows," said Anne. "I suppose they are a pair, and perhaps they have a nest somewhere about here."

So the young ladies walked on.

They came at length to the fence at the bottom of the garden. They looked over it, and saw a pleasant little field-beyond. It was a quiet and retired place, and was shaded with trees. It looked very attractive.

"Let us go over there," said Anne, "and sit down under the trees."

"There is no gate," said Lucy. "How can we get there?"

It was not surprising that it seemed to Lucy that there was no way to get into the field, for there was no gate in sight, and the fence was of a peculiar form, and seemed to be quite a difficult one to climb. It was quite massive in its construction. The posts, which were large and square, were each surmounted with

Description of the garden fence.Jane goes to take a walk.

a large ball. There was a rail along the top of the fence, and another at the bottom, but the bars between these two rails were perpendicular, not horizontal, and so there was nothing to step upon in climbing.*

The difficulty, however, of getting over the fence was soon removed by Anne, who said that there was a small gate at the end of the fence, around the corner, at a place where there was a dark grove of trees, and that, if they wished to go into the field, they could pass out there. All the young ladies agreed to this suggestion, and so they took the path in the garden which led toward the gate. When they reached the gate, they passed through, and found themselves in the shade of a dark, thick wood. They then came round through this wood, and advanced to the open place which they had first seen in looking over the garden fence. Here they sat down upon a grassy bank, under a tree, to rest.

Presently Jane rose from her seat.

"Where are you going, Jane?" said Lucy.

"I am going to walk about," said Jane, "and see what I can find."

"Oh, there is nothing to find here," said Lucy; "sit still, and let us rest and talk."

"No," said Jane, "I am going to see if I can not find some wild flowers, or something else that is pretty or curious."

So Jane went away. The other two young ladies remained on the bank, talking together.

From time to time, Jane came to them, as they sat, to show them what she found. She brought wild flowers, and different kinds of

* See the engraving, two pages further on.

Jane goes to the grove again.

The flowers.

She finds a bird's nest.

nuts, and other sylvan curiosities. After showing these things to Lucy and Anne, who remained all the time at rest upon the bank, she would go back again under the trees, she said, and look for more.

"I wish you would go with me too," she added.

"No," said Anne, "I am tired, and Lucy and I will sit here and talk. But if you find any thing pretty, bring it here and show it to us."

"Well," said Jane, "I will, if you will stay here in this same place till I come."

So Jane, leaving Anne and Lucy on the bank, went back toward the grove. For a time she rambled about, looking at the wild flowers that grew there, but without finding any thing very remarkable. She succeeded, however, in gathering quite a number of pretty flowers.

At last, as she was walking along upon the grass, in a sunny place upon the margin of the grove, suddenly a little bird flew out from a tuft of grass which was growing there.

"There goes a little bird," said Jane. "I verily believe it is one of the sparrows which we saw in the garden."

Instantly another bird crept out from the grass and flew away.

"There goes the mate," said she. "Perhaps their nest is here."

So she advanced cautiously to the spot, and, pushing the grass aside gently with her hands, she found the nest. It was a small, round, cap-shaped cavity, lined inside with soft grass. There were three speckled eggs inside. Jane was much pleased with the sight; she took out one of the eggs, and went to show it to Lucy and Anne.

Jane brings the egg to show it to Lucy and Anne.

“See!” said she, as she held the egg out to them, “see what I have found.”



THE LITTLE EGG.

Anne and Lucy were much interested in looking at the egg.

“What are you going to do with it?” asked Anne.

“I would carry it home,” said Lucy, “and keep it for a curiosity.”

“Oh no,” said Anne, “I would not rob the poor birds of their egg.”

“Why, they would not care,” said Lucy. “I don’t believe that they would know that it was gone. Are there any more in the nest, Jane?”

“Yes, two,” said Jane.

“Well, they would never know whether there were two or

A conversation on the subject of eggs.The decision.

three. Hens never know whether you take their eggs away or not. As long as there is one egg left, or even a piece of chalk to represent one, they are perfectly satisfied."

In dealing with human beings, who, as intelligent and rational creatures, are endued with clear and settled rights to property, it is never any excuse for a person who takes what does not belong to him that the owner of it would not miss it. It is nearly, if not quite, as wrong, to do one a concealed and covert injury as an open and violent one. How far this principle is to be applied to the brute creation is somewhat uncertain. In fact, whether it would be strictly right for a child to take a robin's or sparrow's egg from a nest, in a case where there was good reason to believe that the birds would be perfectly satisfied with the number that remain, is a very nice and delicate question. There are a great many questions, less difficult to decide than this, on which volumes and volumes of disputation and controversy have been written.

The young ladies in this case, however, were saved the trouble of deciding the question, for, while they were thinking and talking about it, their attention was turned to another point.

"Jane," said Anne, "*I* would not carry it home. I don't think it would be very pretty."

"Why, I think it is very pretty indeed," said Jane.

"It looks very pretty in the nest," replied Anne, "but I do not think that an egg is a very pretty thing to have at home in a drawer."

Jane began to reflect upon this answer. It had never occurred to her before that a thing might be very pretty in one place, and

An important distinction respecting the beauty of an egg.

not pretty at all in another. On reflection, however, she was at once satisfied that it was correct. Nothing is more beautiful than a little blue or speckled egg lying with others in a nest, hid away in the grass, or concealed in the foliage of a tree, but in the parlor of a house it ceases very soon to be agreeable, whatever is done with it, whether it is laid away in a drawer, or placed in view upon a mantle-shelf, or hung up by a string.

"I would not carry it home," said Anne. "You will soon get tired of it, and then you will wish that you had left it in the nest."

Jane looked as if she were hesitating.

"Besides," continued Anne, after a short pause, "if you take away this egg, there will be one less bird in the world next summer."

Jane liked birds, and was very unwilling to do any thing to diminish the number of them. So she said she would go back and put the egg in the nest. The three young ladies all went together to see. Jane laid the egg back carefully in its place, and they all agreed that it looked much prettier lying there, by the side of its mates, in its proper place, than it would in any other situation whatever; and then there was the other advantage which Anne had named besides, that of having one bird more in the world in the following summer, to amuse them by hopping about the walks, and to sing to them from the branches of the trees.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MISER.

WHEN you are a man, if you are prosperous in your business, and gain a great deal of money, there are several ways in which you can expend it.

1. You can buy houses with it, or pay it to carpenters and masons, that they may build you new houses. Then you can let the houses to people that wish to live in them. They will pay you money every year for letting them have your houses. The money that they pay is the *rent*.

2. You can build ships with it, and then buy a cargo of goods to put into the ships, and send the ships with the cargo across the ocean to some other country where that kind of goods is wanted. You can sell the goods for more than they cost, and so get more money than you had before.

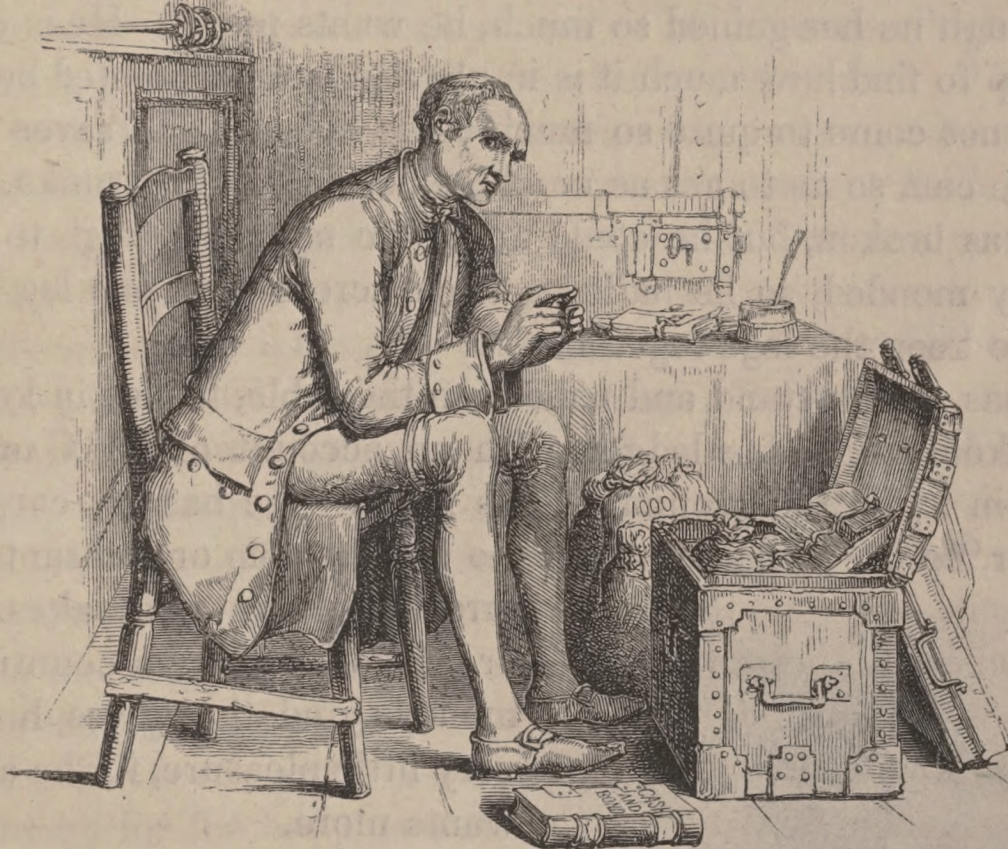
3. You can join with other men, and build a manufactory, or rail-road, or steam-boat, and then twice a year you can divide among you the profits that you make.

4. You can expend your money in buying carriages, and horses, and fine clothes, and gold watches, and diamond rings. If you expend it in this way, when it is once gone it will be gone forever.

5. You can *hoard* your money—that is, you can pack it up in bags and strong boxes, as the man in the opposite picture has done, and so keep it for the pleasure of counting it over. A man who

Picture of the miser counting his money.

hoards his money where it makes no profits and does no good, except to give him the pleasure of counting it, is a miser.



COUNTING HIS MONEY.

This miser has some of his money in bags, and some of it in a great strong box. The bags are marked with figures, to show how much money is in each bag. The strong box is bound with iron. The iron bands and plates are fastened with rivets. We can see the heads of the rivets. There is a very strong handle on the end of the box to lift it by. The miser has a large lock on the door of his room, with a great iron bolt besides, above the lock. There is a sword on the mantle-piece. Perhaps the miser keeps the

The treasury robbed.Condition of the treasures left behind.

sword to defend his treasures from the robbers, in case they should be attacked.

With all his money, the miser feels discontented and uneasy, for, though he has gained so much, he wants more. He is counting it up to find how much it is in all, and is disappointed because it does not come to quite so much as he hoped. He saves every thing he can, so as to get as much as possible in his trunks. His chair was broken, but he could not spare money enough to get it properly mended, so he nailed a stick across from one leg to another, to keep the legs together.

He has an ink-stand and papers on the table, to use in keeping his reckonings, and a ledger, with an account of his CASH and BONDS in it, on the ground. This is all. He has no carpet on his floor, no fire in his fire-place, no comfortable or pleasant furniture in his room. He takes pleasure in nothing but in counting his money; and this gives him but very little pleasure, for he always wants more.



THE ROBBERS.

Here is another picture of a miser. A thief has broken into his strong room, and stolen a part of his money. The thief took as much as he could carry away, and has left the remainder of the treasures all in confusion. The gold and silver vessels are over-

turned, and the money is all scattered about the floor.

Meaning of the parable.Way to make preparation for heaven.

The owner of all this hoarded treasure has just discovered that his strong-room has been broken open, and he is coming in, full of consternation at the loss which he has sustained.

It is, after all, only a small portion of his treasure which is gone. He has a great deal more left than he can ever use. There is a large iron chest, which the thief could not get open, and seven bags full of money which they could not carry away. Still, the man who owns the treasure will be overwhelmed with vexation and chagrin. The treasures which are left will give him no pleasure, on account of the sorrow he will feel for those that he has lost.

This picture is to illustrate what Jesus Christ said. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

The meaning of this is, that it is best for us not to set our hearts too strongly on any happiness that is to be obtained in this life, but to make it our great end and aim, while we live in this world, to prepare for the happiness of the world to come.

The joys and pleasures of this life are so fleeting and transitory, and can so easily be marred by the thousand accidents which are always occurring, that it is far better to make it our chief desire to prepare ourselves for the enjoyments of heaven.

And *one* important thing to do in making this preparation is to cultivate in our hearts the *spirit* of heaven.

Some children like to be useful.George.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FIRE IN THE FIELD.

GEORGE is a farmer's son, and he takes great pride in having all the yards around his father's house look nice and tidy. He does this work himself of his own accord; that is, without being told to do it. His father and mother are very much pleased with him for this, and some of the neighbors say that they wish they had such a son to keep their yards and gardens in order.

Some girls are like George in this respect. They take an interest, of their own accord, in the neatness and order of the house. They take care of the drawers, and the closets, and the furniture of the rooms, so far as they can, and thus help their mothers very much indeed. Others never do any thing of this kind spontaneously,* and when they are told to do it, they obey in a sullen and reluctant manner. They sometimes even seem to be unwilling to put away their own bonnets and shawls, when they come in from a walk.

As soon as the ground is dry in the spring, George rakes over all the walks, and beds, and grass-plots in the yards and gardens, and gathers the rubbish into heaps. Then he goes around with his horse and cart, and forks up all the rubbish into the cart, in order to haul it away into the field to burn it. He thinks it best to burn it, rather than to take it into the barn-yard, because it may contain the stalks and seeds of weeds; and if he should put

* That is, of themselves—of their own accord.

Picture of George's fire in the field.

it into the barn-yard, it would finally be spread out upon the land, and then the seeds would sprout and grow, and thus propagate weeds among the corn, or potatoes, or wheat, or barley, or whatever else might be growing in the fields.



GEORGE'S FIRE.

George has brought a load of rubbish into this field, and is now burning it. He has taken the horse out of the cart, and has turned the cart up against the tree. The horse stands near, and is looking at the fire. He can not see it very well on account of the blinkers on his bridle. They put blinkers upon a bridle in order to prevent the horse from seeing things suddenly by the side of the road, which might frighten him. His blinkers do not prevent his seeing before him where he wants to go.

The harness.

The collar.

The traces.

The whipple-tree

There is a collar around his neck, with a chain attached to it, which passes along his side; at the end of the chain is a leather thong, called a *trace*. In the harness of a horse there are two traces, one on each side. The ends of the traces are fastened to the ends of a bar of wood, which passes across from one side to the other. This bar is called a whipple-tree. It is by means of the collar, the chain, the trace, and the whipple-tree that the horse draws the cart. Whenever we take a ride in a chaise, or a buggy, or a carriage of any sort, we can easily see the collar, the traces, and the whipple-tree. They do not often have chains, except in the case of a cart.

George is burning his heap of rubbish at a place in the field near a well. The well has a windlass, with a handle to turn it by, and a bucket with a rope. There is a small roof over the windlass, to protect it from the rain. The rain would soon cause the *pivots* of the windlass to rot and decay, so that they would not turn.

There is a large jug on the platform of the well. George is going to fill this jug with water, and take it with him into the field where he is going to work, in order that when he is thirsty he may have a drink always ready at hand.

Thus George takes an interest and a pleasure in making himself useful, especially to his father and mother. He knows very well how great his obligations are to his father and mother, for the kindness and care which they have exercised over him from his earliest infancy, and he feels grateful to them. He wishes to make the best return in his power for their long-continued love to him. So he is always ready to do any thing that will help them, or give them pleasure.

George and his father sowing.

Description of the picture.

Below we have an engraving representing George and his father sowing in a field. They are sowing with a machine which is



GEORGE DRIVING THE TEAM.

drawn by a team of four horses. George drives the horses, while his father guides and manages the machine. The team has been stopping to rest, but is now ready to move on again.

George has a long whip in his hand. He wears a cartman's frock. His father wears a frock too.

The field where George and his father are at work is very pleasantly situated on the margin of the river. There is a vessel sailing on the river. She is near the farther shore. There are several small sail-boats besides. They are so small, on account of the distance, that they can scarcely be seen.

The farther bank of the river is in full view. The land is high, but it is very remote, and the houses upon it, if there are any there, are entirely invisible.

Madam Marion meets Joanne.Joanne waits to speak to her.

CHAPTER XX.

GRAFTING.

ONE pleasant day in the spring, Madam Marion, having occasion to go into the village to make some purchases, and to see a lame boy who was confined to his room, and whom she was accustomed to visit, saw Joanne walking along the road at a little distance, just as she was going in at the gate where the lame boy lived.

Joanne, you will recollect, was one of the girls who did not get a blue ribbon at the time when the children were admitted to the gardens, on account of the bad spirit and temper which she displayed.

As soon as Joanne saw Madam Marion, she came running toward her, and seemed very glad to see her.

Madam Marion spoke a few words to her, and then went into the house. She remained in the house more than half an hour; but Joanne did not go away all this time. She lingered about the door, and near the corner of the fence, waiting patiently till Madam Marion came out.

And when Madam Marion came out at last, and was passing by the corner, Joanne said to her, in a very pleasant and gentle tone of voice,

“Good-by, Aunt Marion.”

Madam Marion was surprised to find that Joanne had been waiting so long to bid her good-by. She stopped to speak to

They take a walk together.

Their conversation.

Joanne is penitent.

her a few moments, and then shook hands with her and went away.

After she had gone, she thought of this meeting, and of the state of mind in Joanne which it denoted.

“Her drawing near to me in this way,” said she to herself, “is a very good sign. Perhaps she wishes to become a good girl. I’ll go and see her some day.”*

So one evening, about sunset, Madam Marion called at Joanne’s house. Joanne was playing at that time in the yard. She ran eagerly to Madam Marion when she saw her coming. They went to take a walk together. Their walk led them along a very pleasant path by the bank of a stream.

After they had talked on other subjects a little while, there was a pause. They were walking along very pleasantly together, hand in hand. At last Joanne said,

“I am very sorry that I did not get a blue ribbon the other day, Aunt Marion.”

“Yes,” said Madam Marion, “I was sorry too. The gardens are very pleasant places to play in.”

“It is not that so much,” said Joanne, “but I should like to be a better girl. How *can* I be a better girl?” she added, looking up into Madam Marion’s face.

As she looked up, Madam Marion saw that there were tears in her eyes.

“It is very hard, I know,” said Madam Marion. “You see it is your heart that has been wrong. If it was only your actions that were wrong, you could alter them very easily; but it is the

* “Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.”—James, iv., 8.

Joanne goes to see Uncle Ben's pear-tree.Uncle Ben is going to graft the tree.

heart that is to be changed, and a change of heart is a change of nature, and that is very hard. But come to my house to-morrow evening at this time, and I'll show you how Uncle Ben manages it."

So the next evening Joanne went to Madam Marion's house, and Madam Marion, after talking with her a little time in the house, took her out into the garden. They found Uncle Ben there, standing before a tree that was growing in a pleasant border, surrounded by flowers. But, though the tree grew in a very pleasant place, it had quite a wild and savage appearance. Its branches were angular and stiff, and they were covered with thorns.

"What sort of a tree is it, Uncle Ben?" said Joanne.

"It is a pear-tree," said Uncle Ben.

"And does it bear good pears?" asked Joanne.

"No," replied Uncle Ben; "the pears are hard, and bitter, and sour. They are pucker pears, in fact, of the worst kind."

"And what are you going to do with the tree?" asked Joanne.

"I am going to change the nature of it," said Uncle Ben, "and make it bear good pears."

"And how are you going to do that?" asked Joanne.

"I am going to graft it," said Uncle Ben. "Come with me, and you will see how I do it."

So Uncle Ben led the way, and Madam Marion and Joanne followed. He came at length to a very large and beautiful pear-tree, which stood near a wall in a sunny corner. The form and character of this tree were the reverse of the other. The bark was soft and smooth, the branches waved gracefully, and there was not a thorn to be seen.

Process of ingrafting a bud.

The bud will change the nature of the tree.

"There ! this is the tree," said Uncle Ben, looking on the tree before him with an expression of great satisfaction upon his countenance, "this is the tree where I get all my buds and scions."

So Uncle Ben took a sharp knife from his pocket, and then, with great care, he cut out a small bud from one of the limbs of the tree, with a portion of the bark attached to it. He carried this bud carefully to the wild pear-tree. Madam Marion and Joanne followed him, to see what he was going to do. As soon as he came to the wild tree, he selected a good branch pretty low down upon the tree, and there, making an opening in the bark, he slipped the bud in, and closed the bark over it again in such a manner as to leave only the tip of the bud peeping out at the place of the incision.

Then he wrapped some covering around the place to preserve the ingrafted bud from injury.

"There !" said he ; "now that bud will grow, and by-and-by it will change the nature of the whole tree."

"How can it ?" asked Joanne.

"Why, it will grow and put forth first some leaves, and then a little twig, and, finally, it will become a large stem of itself, with many branches. It will keep its own nature all the time, and so the fruit that grows upon it will be good fruit. I shall watch the tree as the new grafting grows, and cut away all the old, wild wood, and finally the new grafting and the branches which grow upon it will become the whole tree. Then the nature of the tree will be entirely changed. Instead of bearing thorns and pucker pears, it will become a smooth and beautiful tree, and will bear large, and rich, and juicy fruit."

Uncle Ben's explanations.Outward reformation insufficient.

"When shall you begin to cut away the wild and thorny wood?" asked Joanne.

"I am going to begin now," said the old gardener. So saying, he took a strong pruning-knife out of his pocket, and immediately began to cut away the stiff and thorny branches that grew near and around his ingrafted bud.

"I must cut these away," said he, "to let the bud grow."

He threw the thorny branches down as he cut them away, and trampled them under his feet.

When Uncle Ben had finished his grafting, Madam Marion and Joanne went back into the house.

It was now time that Joanne should go home. Madam Marion said that she would go with her a part of the way. So the two walked along together.

"Now you know," said Madam Marion, "how it is that Uncle Ben changes the nature of his trees."

"Yes," said Joanne, "and I think it is a very good way."

"You see it is necessary to change the very nature of the tree, in order to make it bear good fruit. Uncle Ben might have attempted to change his tree in another way. He might have trimmed off all the thorns, and bent the branches into waving and graceful curves, and done many other such things to alter the outward appearance and character of it; but all that would never have made it bear good fruit."

"No, indeed!" said Joanne.

"It is necessary for him to change the very nature of the tree," continued Madam Marion, "and this is done by bringing a bud from a good tree, and ingrafting it in. And you must do the same."

The Spirit of Jesus must come into the heart like a germ. Joanne makes good resolutions.

“Must I?” said Joanne, doubtfully. “Then I will. But how am I to do it?”

“I’ll tell you how,” said Madam Marion. “You must have the Spirit of Jesus Christ brought into your heart like a little germ, and then you must watch this germ, and not let any thing hinder it from growing. Read in the Bible what Jesus did, how he felt, and how he acted, and what he said, and pray to God to guide and help you. If you do this, a little bud, as it were, from his Spirit will be ingrafted upon yours. Then you must cut away all the old thorny branches, and watch the bud, and make it grow; so, by-and-by, you will become wholly transformed into his likeness.”

“Is that the way?” asked Joanne.

“Yes,” said Madam Marion, “that is the way.”

“I think that is a very easy way,” said Joanne.

“Yes,” replied Madam Marion, “it is very easy, and it is very effectual. It is the only effectual way. You can change your outward actions, perhaps, but you can not change your *nature* in any other way.”

“I think that is a very good way,” said Joanne, “and I mean to do so the first thing.”

“That is right,” said Madam Marion; “read the Bible a little every day, with your heart open to receive the good bud which the Spirit of God will bring out of it to your life from the life of Jesus. You will soon find that the bud is beginning to grow. You will find your heart beginning to be filled with love for all around you, with pity for the sorrows and trials which they suffer, and with desires to help and relieve them. Then you must watch yourself, and cut away and reject all that is bad, and pray con-

Joanne bids Aunt Marion good-by.

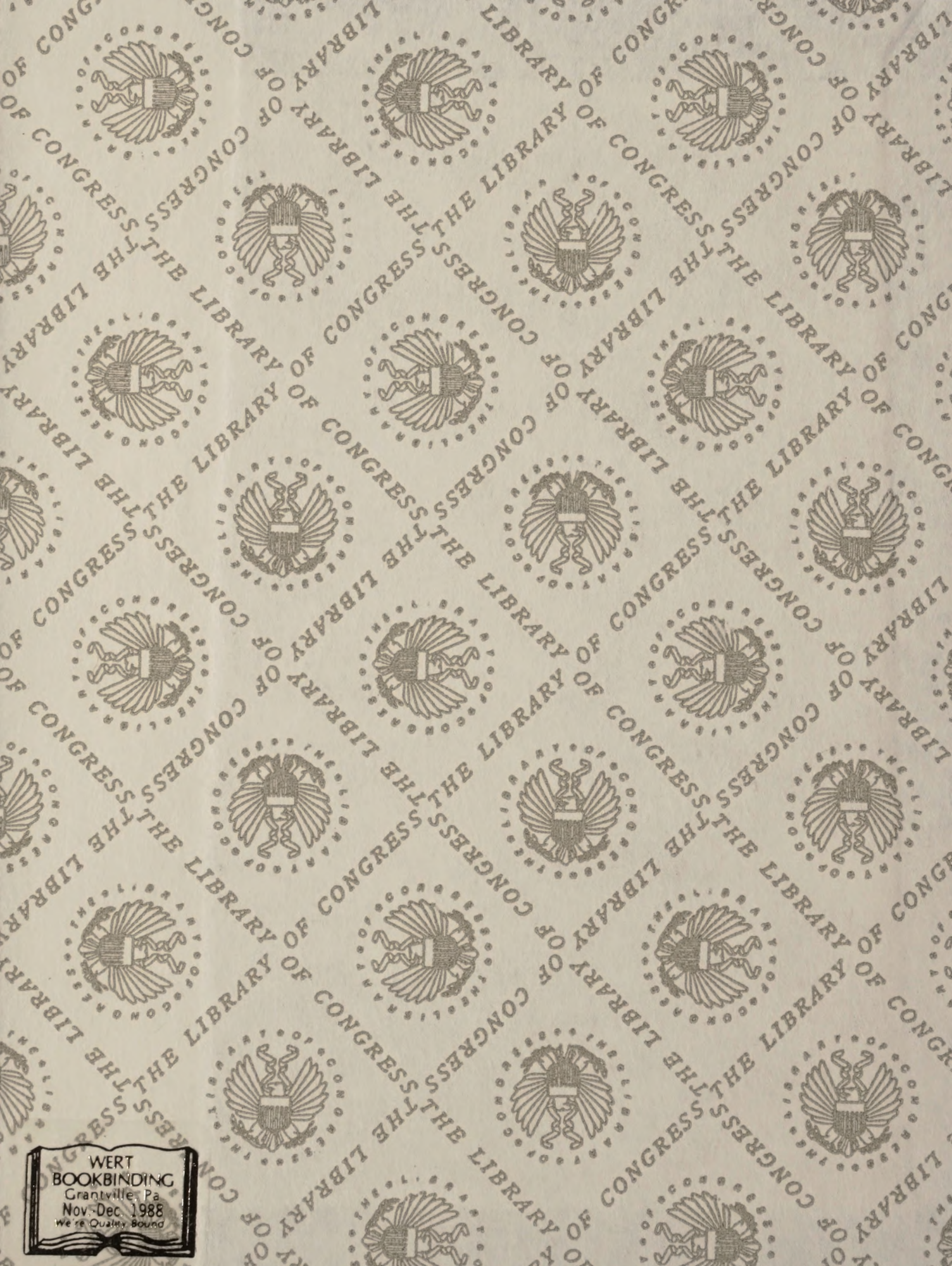
stantly to God to watch over and protect you, and to forgive all your sins for the Redeemer's sake. Do this, and you will soon find that you are fast becoming a new creature in Christ Jesus. Will you do it?"

"Yes, Aunt Marion," said Joanne, "I certainly will."

So Joanne bade Madam Marion good-by, and went home, very happy in the hope of having her heart renewed by the infusion into it of the Spirit of Jesus Christ her Saviour. She felt a strong confidence that the plan which Madam Marion had explained to her would succeed. In fact, it is very plain, from the change which was then manifested in her, that the good work had already been begun.

THE END.





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